

THE HARVEST DRIVE IS ON AGAIN!

# Industrial Pioneer

An Illustrated Labor Magazine  
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# FRAMED!

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

**H**E was a down-and-outer, the kind you often see,  
A sort of moral rotter, full of iniquity.

He was a down-and-outer of the vilest, lowest breed—  
A product of the Bowery slum, a waif of lust and greed,

He'd done time on the "Island," and three years in the pen—  
Had run his string of women and sold dope to men.

From foot-pad to porch-climber, he'd learned the robber's trade,  
Had shoved the "queer" and for a year his share of liquor made.

He was a down-and-outer, though he often dressed "real swell"  
And smoked real smokes and tipped the hop who answered to his bell.

But one day in a shooting fray he copped a guy for fair . . . .  
The D. A. pushed the case clean through and sent him to the chair.

He was a down-and-outer of the vilest kind, you bet,  
—And yet he had my sympathy and some of my regret;

Because I knew the cards were stacked on him when he was born—  
Because I knew him when a kid, ragged and forlorn;

Because I saw him on the streets filled with stench and filth—  
While scarce a block or two away there rolled uncounted wealth;

Because I saw him "short-change" men in selling them the news—  
And running errands for the crooks and picking up their views.

On law and order, finding out what precinct cap was bought;  
—Because I saw the sort of kind of teaching that he got.

He was a down-and-outer, and no damn good at that—  
But ah, 'twas his environment that pinned him to the mat!

And I'm stating, and I'm saying, and what I say is no lie:  
**The System killed the thing it made the morning he did die!**

# The Industrial Pioneer

Edited By John A. Gahan

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**HARVESTING AGAIN**—According to reports appearing a short time ago in capitalist papers of the Middle West John Farmer was going to have things all his own way with harvest workers this year. It was announced by the associations of farmers and bankers that \$3.50 a day was to be the wage. But three-fifty did not stand because the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union Number 110 of the I. W. W. acted as one man in a demand for higher wages. Determined to get results the union forced wages up to \$5. Considering high prices prevailing everywhere for living necessities it is imperative that the harvest workers continue to hold fast for common advances. By this action further wage rises are assured.

The cause for the initial wage increase is not hard to find. At the A. W. I. U. Omaha conference in May every officer, delegate and member present pledged himself to solidarity and loyalty to the I. W. W. They understand the meaning of acting together for common purposes, and they have demonstrated the efficacy of such cohesion by this very tangible jump in wages from the miserable three-fifty offered to the five dollars prevailing. This success merits careful consideration and it is entitled to the whole-hearted-support of all harvest workers. It is the better part of wisdom to get all that they can because next winter's unemployment situation is going to be worse than the one now obtaining. These crises assume so chronic an aspect that one may feel inclined to grin derisively when told that "hard times" are coming. However, all things are relative and even this bad state of affairs in the arena of industry can become worse.

The harvest workers lined up in the A. W. I. U. have learned that workers get nothing that is good for them except those things for which they struggle. A few years ago, before the union was in the field, farmers treated the "hands" with less consideration than they would broken-down mules. Wages were very low. There was a workday that began at dawn and contin-

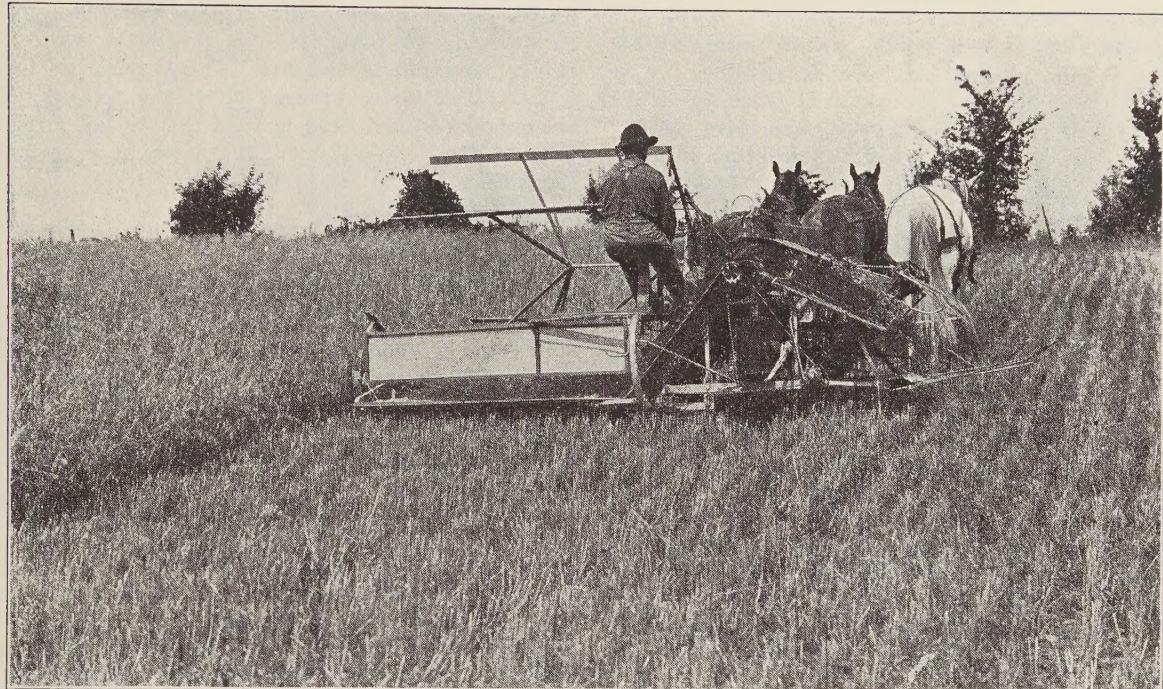
ued until the stars were shining. Bad food and scanty rations were given to the harvesters. They slept in barns or out in the fields. These conditions have been improved by organization, by workers with sufficient common sense to stand shoulder to shoulder and battle for decent lives. The worker who turns the other cheek in a world of bourgeois wolves is "out of luck." If you give the boss your cloak after he has robbed you of your coat he'll know you for a sucker and come back to steal your undershirt.

Organize to get as much of the good things of life which you and all workers produce so abundantly. Keep organizing to secure more and more until our class has the organized power to take its own. All that we need is the world.

**CHINA'S FUTURE**—We are living in the era of business empire. Imperialistic practice is bearing out the Marxian theory on an expanding scale that is superlative for the spectacular manner of its operations. Marx analyzed the capitalist productive mode, proclaimed its fatal contradictions, and declared collapse to be inevitable due to inherent discords, to the germs multiplying within itself making for its destruction.

Looking about the world today one thinks not so much of discords, but rather of convulsions. On every side we are witnesses to unprecedented violence, to terrorism with all its murdering, its rapine and arson, its jailing and torturing, and the horrified attention of any person believing in a high future for humankind might well break in despair. The world's foremost exponents of the existing system are saying that unless stabilization of exchanges can be effected civilization is doomed to disintegration. To them civilization and capitalism are interchangeable terms. Periodically world conferences are called at which desperate efforts are made to resolve to order the chaos of our modern scheme of wealth creation.

But this cannot be done. Capitalism is  
(Continued on Page Forty.)



# The Harvest Drive is on Again

By FRED MANN

EVERY year about this time unusual activity takes place in every hamlet, village and city of this country's southwestern wheat belt. Towns that were deserted a month ago are now crowded with men. The small merchant is preparing his stock of last year's goods for his usual yearly cleanup. Restaurants that were closed up all winter are doing a rushing business. The farmers are buying supplies. The blacksmith shop sends forth the echo of the steam hammer and the whiz of the emery wheel that is being used in the repairing of binders, sickles and other agricultural implements that soon will be put to use. The grocery dealer benefits most in the immediate pre-harvest days. The prices of food in the restaurant is too exorbitant for the majority of the workers. On the outskirts by some brook or in the comfortable shade of trees a different and more fascinating activity is manifested. That's where the "Jungles" are located. At a glance the intruder could tell that this is no vacation camp of city folks. Order and discipline of the brand known only to the organized migratory worker is immediately detected. Two fellows are in the act of washing and cleansing the "pots and pans" after their meal, while another is bringing some water from the nearby spring to replenish the amount used by him in the process of cooking. A large placard is nailed on a tree setting forth the rules of conduct, and on the bottom in large letters, "Only members of the I. W. W. are invited."

## Why These Workers Advanced

This freedom was not always enjoyed by the agricultural worker, and it was only through the militant organization of the I. W. W. that a stop was put to the interference of the greedy restaurant and hotel keeper. Some old-timers can relate divers instances how in the old days before the

A. W. I. U. No. 110 came into being, and even in some places right now, in the stillness of the night, the receptacles were shot full of holes and everything destroyed.

The county agent, who acts entirely under the orders of the local bankers and the commercial clubs, plays an important part worth while mentioning. His duty during the harvest season is to

see that every farmer is adequately supplied with cheap labor, as it is to the bankers' interests that the farmer pay out as little as possible, for he wants to get it all. The agent is generally on the lookout for the "suitcase boys" who leave the city for a vacation, expecting in the meantime to make a few extra dollars. Usually they are disillusioned. They are too soft to stand the "gaff." Nevertheless, they are warned of the danger that they confront if they should happen to associate with the Wobblies—and before they can think the matter over they are packed into waiting automobiles and driven away by some farmer without knowing anything about pay or working conditions.

These "suitcase boys" are generally sent out from Oklahoma City, Wichita and Kansas City, which are the three main shipping centers supplying labor to the Oklahoma and Kansas harvest fields. The greater amount of the workers are migratory, hailing from every part of the country. Their winters are generally spent in the industrial centers and big cities. With the coming of spring, as soon as the weather permits, they set out in search of employment. These men are seasoned in the work of agriculture and are much more susceptible to organization than the "suitcase boys".

#### **Waiting For the Harvest**

The fields of grain are ripening fast. The scorching sun and hot winds will have the wheat ready for cutting in Oklahoma on or about June 10th. In Alva, one of the biggest harvest centers of Oklahoma, approximately five hundred workers are congregated. Out of these three hundred are organized. A local committee representing these organized members looks after all things executive. Wages are to be five dollars, that is the general sum among farmers and workers alike, and no doubt as soon as the harvest gets under way, the organized workers feel confident that five-fifty will be the prevailing wage. There is no oversupply of labor, although unemployment is plentiful in the industries. The sentiment among the workers and people in general in these parts is not what one would call hostile to the I. W. W. The Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110 has gained many concessions in Oklahoma. In the past, twelve hours constituted a day's work, and \$3.50 was the general prevailing wage. Contumely, jails and other forms of persecution were resorted to in the stifling of growth of the organization. All these tactics proved futile. The members of A. W. I. U. are treated with respect, as the opposition has found out through costly experience that jailing one or two members made it necessary to deal with hundreds—yes, at times, thousands. As an instance, in Enid, Oklahoma, for two consecutive years the powers that be resented the organization of the agricultural workers, and as a result jailed a score of organizers. To the surprise of many this petty form of persecution resulted in an em-

phatic protest on the part of the Wobblies, and hundreds of men poured into this little city of twelve thousand inhabitants. This display of estimable solidarity brought about the release of the organizers, and Enid learned that to jail members of the I. W. W. without cause is a costly experiment. Enid has been behaving since.

#### **To Feed The World**

The first part of July will see the Kansas harvest at its zenith. The crops are good and only unforeseen forces, such as hail and extremely hot winds, will possibly damage the grain. It is estimated that 25,000 workers will be engaged in gathering the grains in the Sunflower State. No serious persecution is expected, although in the past Kansas was one of the first states to pass the infamous criminal syndicalism law. This law has been made inoperative by many favorable rulings of the state supreme court and the economic pressure that the workers used in retaliation. Hutcheson, Kansas, has always been known as one of the most hostile towns in the state, but it recently released two members after detaining them for an hour or two. The authorities gave them back their membership cards and all their personal belongings, contrary to the custom of the past.

The General Defense Committee spent thousands of dollars on literature that was broadcast to the taxpayers showing them how their money was spent in persecuting innocent working men. This, no doubt, helped a lot.

The means of transportation in Kansas are fair, with the exception of the Rock Island Railroad. They police their freight trains. This road is one of the largest transportation arteries leading out of Oklahoma. Workers have to gather in large numbers in order to ride these trains, and they usually succeed. The worker cannot possibly pay his fare during the harvest season, for instead of making a few dollars for himself at the conclusion of the season, his meager earnings will be found in the coffers of the railroad stockholders. The wages, hours and working conditions in Kansas are about the same as those of Oklahoma, though in some spots from fifty cents to a dollar more.

#### **Organization Opposed By Violence**

While the harvest passes its zenith in the Sunflower State, Nebraska begins operation. Conditions and wages are good. Very little persecution is anticipated, except possibly at Lincoln. In the past the railroad and city "bulls" have formed vigilante committees who have beaten up and dispersed members some five miles out of town.

From Nebraska the workers split into two large divisions, as the next center of harvest activity begins in two states at nearly the same time. The usual route followed is through Omaha, Nebraska, and Sioux City, Iowa, and it is here that they fork out. One body makes its way into South Dakota, while the other plods its way up to Central

and Western Minnesota. It is here indeed that one finds more men from the eastern industrial centers than in the South. Only about forty per cent of the workers leave the South at this time. Some of them leave the harvest; the greatest number, however, remain to do the threshing.

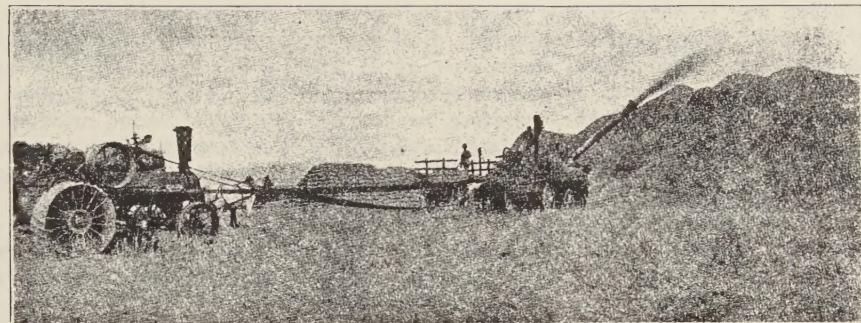
Minnesota never offered much resistance to organization, while her westerly neighbors have some communities that are and have been hostile to the I. W. W.

Early in 1916 South Dakota showed its hostility toward our organization.

#### Getting Rid of a Vicious Element

Redfield and Aberdeen will be long remembered by many pioneers of old "400." The commercial clubs of these towns, with the cooperation of Sioux City, had organized what was then the yellow card men. In conjunction with the village and county authorities these gunmen hirelings waged open warfare on members. They used their clubs and guns freely and a pitched fight at Redfield resulted in many wounded. "400" made them show the white flag. In Aberdeen, that same year, it was the general practice to take members out of town and flog them in Klan fashion. The following year as an offensive tactic against this inhuman treatment a general strike was called. A picket line hundreds of miles long embraced the state. The effect was felt. Today only Mollette and Aberdeen remain rather hostile; the latter not very vicious. Organization in this state has been on the increase in the last two years and this coming season holds forth great advantages. A definite organization campaign has been mapped out and the organization committee proposes to have organizers in all centers. Wages here last year were \$5 for ten hours although in some places twelve hours is still in vogue. The petty tin horn gambler and his co-worker the hi-jack are becoming less numerous. These parasites have for years preyed upon the helpless harvest "stiff." There was no use to turn to the authorities as they worked hand in hand with this despicable lot. The A. W. I. U. No. 110 in its bulletins and general literature warns the workers of these menaces. This education makes it harder for these morons to find customers, and this, coupled with the intelligent action employed when one of the characters is found, has put this menace on the wane.

North Dakota and northeastern Montana are the last outposts of this country's bread basket. Here there is no persecution on any organized scale, although in some isolated spots petty abuses are re-



SEPARATING WHEAT FROM CHAFF

sorted to. Of course things are taken care of here more efficiently and the workers lose no time in showing their economic power. The farmer in this locality has a better knowledge of social questions, due to the Non-Partisan League and the contact he has had with that organization. He is poorer, therefore more sympathetic. The ten-hour day has become a fact in North Dakota, a benefit that is appreciated by many who remember the 14- and 16-hour work day. Transportation is unmolested as a great number of the railroad workers have become educated and some of them are members of the I. W. W. Before organization wages were \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day, and it should be remembered that the price of wheat was approximately the same as today.

#### CANADA

Good reports are even now coming from Canada. Sam Scarlett has been very active, speaking in halls and theaters all winter. Now that the weather permits he is speaking in the open. A good sized membership will be on the ground when the harvest opens. These members are migratory who stay in Canada, so that the life of the organization will remain even when the harvest is over. For the last two years the organization has conducted what may be correctly termed missionary work in the Canadian wheat fields. This year, however, definite organization work will take place. Fellow Worker J. A. MacDonald will lend his able help in the way of publicity and in an advisory capacity, while Fellow Worker Scarlett promises to be ever busy in the field.

Tentative plans are in the making for a conference to be called in the Empress Theater in Calgary. This conference is to be held immediately prior to the fall convention of the Industrial Union. It is estimated that 6,500 members will be represented there. In Winnipeg, the easterly border, and Vancouver, the western, propaganda in large quantities is being circulated, breaking the ground for the future.

The lumber workers on the western slope are already well acquainted with the I. W. W., and it goes without saying that they will lend their support in organization work. The wages for the last two seasons was a minimum of five dollars and in some communities as high as eight per day. The

working day is much shorter due to the lateness of the year when daylight lasts only from ten to eleven hours. Some years the seasons are so late that threshing continues as late as November the 15th. The Canadian worker, therefore, needs much more clothing than his American fellow worker. Instead of light summer working clothes, he requires heavy underclothes, mackinaws, shoes and other such apparel to protect him from the biting cold northwesterly winds. The opportunity to organize these workers has never been better.

#### The Past and the Future

It was in the spring of 1915 that definite plans were formulated with the end in view of organizing the vast army of workers that yearly gathered the grains, plowed and harrowed the fields, picked the fruits; in short, the workers who are employed in the nation's largest industry—agriculture. Attempts to organize these workers were made long before this, but never on a large scale. The structure of the organization was at that time in such a state of inefficiency that no constructive organization campaign could emanate either from the membership or their officials.

Instead of industrial unions with branches as we have today, we had mixed locals embracing members from all industries. The prevalent psychology at that time was divided between two elements, those of the migratory worker and the home-guard. These two could not agree on a continuous line of action as their interests with the employers differed, not fundamentally, but in the pursuance of tactics and methods of organizing. The control of these mixed locals fluctuated from time to time, now being in the control of transients, and then in the control of home-guard or permanently located workers. The result was obvious. Although propaganda was carried on, on a large scale, the workers remained unorganized. In 1914 at Minot, North Dakota there were four organizers representing four different locals. Each tried to get members, and each one presented to the unorganized worker different rules and different initiation fees and dues. This state of affairs brought about an agitation for a National Industrial Union of Agriculture Workers. The old files of Solidarity for the same year show that an article written by Fellow Worker Reese under the heading, "The Need for a National Union of Agriculture Workers," well depicts the structural condition of the organization and called for the discarding of obsolete organization methods and tactics. This was the day of mass organization with an industrial union background. Out of these conditions the Agriculture Workers' Organization No. 400 was conceived. Many looked upon this new organization with disfavor, doubting the possibility of success. They were like the old dog who refused to learn new tricks. A cry of insubordination to the then constitution was raised in many quarters and many locals at that time regarded the A. W. O. No. 400 an outlaw organization. But nothing succeeds like success. The op-

pressed harvest stiffs and the agricultural workers in general welcomed this new movement and it goes without saying that when the A. W. O. came into the general convention a year later representing thirty thousand workers they were accepted with open arms. This marked the beginning of a new era in the I. W. W. A complete transformation began to take place all through the organization. New life and renewed hopes were kindled in the hearts of many. Industrial Unionism, only a theory in the past, became a fact; it became triumphant.

#### Those Who Blazed the Way

The handful of men that pushed the organization campaign in 1915 should be commended for their untiring efforts, their sacrifice and the privations they had to contend with. It was indeed no easy task. At the conclusion of the season a good sized membership was organized. This success made possible the famous drive of 1916, long to be remembered in the annals of working class history. With more experience as their guide and with a small amount of money for literature, one of the greatest offensives against the agriculture interests was waged. From the southern wheatfields of Oklahoma to the Canadian border the burning message of industrial unionism was carried. The commercial clubs became frantic and resorted to numerous outrages upon workingmen who accepted the I. W. W. as a means to free themselves from industrial slavery.

#### With Unionism's Success Wages Rise

As a result of this activity wages began to increase, hours were reduced, and working conditions were improved. It had been a common sight to see threshing machines working by moonlight and at the conclusion of the job for the farmer to pay the men off with a pick handle. No one interfered, no one cared. These homeless men were considered anything but human beings and the wheels of exploitation revolved without interruption. The wages were from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day, depending upon supply and demand. This law, of course, the masters could not control. Many of the men that flocked into the organization were lumber and construction workers who were in the harvest because unemployment was great in these industries. As a consequence after the harvest was over, agitation was carried on in these industries. In the spring of 1917 the northwestern lumber workers called a general strike. The entire active membership of No. 400 took an active part and the treasury of the organization was placed at their disposal. Contributing factors, such as war conditions and the militancy of the organized, made it possible for the lumber workers to realize their long desired dream—the eight-hour day and an increase in wages. That same spring the formation of a Construction Workers' Industrial Union took place in Omaha, Nebraska. Some independent locals on the Pacific Coast and those who followed this work who were organized in old 400, wanted an industrial union.

# It's Not Last Year, It's This Year

By CARD NO. X10591

**S**ITTING around philosophizing about LAST year, isn't going to accomplish one thing for the organization THIS year. Saying what should have been done last year, or what WE would have done last year, isn't going to do a thing this year. If we must talk, and with most of us it is a case of talk, let us talk to the unorganized, and show them their need for industrial unionism. Show them the benefits to be derived by joining our organization. Show them the advantages the organized workers have over the unorganized. Talk to them about their conditions. They all want better things in life, but they don't know how to get them; and they'll never know how to get them, unless we can effectively educate them. What is the sort of education they stand in need of? In deciding this question, we must look at what their education has been; sent to schools run by the state, they are taught just what the capitalist class wants them taught. As soon as they are old enough, they are put to work, and their education then is picked up in cheap moving picture shows, (the best they can afford) dance halls that cater to this particular trade, and their chief interest is in new styles, and the wherewithal to keep up with them.

The kind of education we must propagate among them, is this: we must make them understand that they cannot advance to better wages, shorter hours and good conditions, without united effort, and united effort means concerted action. This is industrial organization. After all, there are few

of us who won't move to help ourselves, once we are shown the way.

One of the conditions that we must fight, that few of us in the I. W. W. take into consideration, is the one that prevails in department stores of the various large cities throughout the United

Here, too, we find that the agriculture workers extended themselves almost beyond their resources. Organization flourished everywhere.

That same summer the organization encountered many stumbling blocks in all fields of endeavor. Lies of all descriptions were being broadcast that the I. W. W. was burning hay and grain stacks and resorting to all kinds of destructive tactics. Commercial clubs and many chamber of commerce organizations demanded some action on the part of the government. This resulted in the raids and arrests that put to shame the liberty loving Americans. The constitutional guarantee of free speech and press was disregarded and the "Iron Heel" of the censor was felt. The organization was branded as pro-German. In spite of the many raids and the imprisonment of the then most active members the organization weathered this storm of persecution. At its height this persecution was manifested when many states passed criminal syndicalism laws, making it unlawful to belong to the I. W. W. Yet the organization continued its existence. A. W. O. No. 400 suffered much during these years and it was in 1920 and 1921 that the intensive operations began in the organization of the harvest worker.

## The Great Annual Drive

The organization does not confine itself to the Middle West, for out in the Palouse country in the state of Washington, and in the fruit bearing areas of the Northwest and California the A. W. I. U. is extending its organization.

The usual line-up of new members is seventeen

thousand. This, with the transferring members, brings the total membership welded together at the end of the drive, to about thirty-five thousand. Large numbers are lost, when the harvest is over, because they disperse in an unorganized manner through the mining, lumbering and other industries and lose contact with the organization. Tentative plans are in the making to remedy this condition of loss of membership. Delegates leaving the harvest in the fall of the year will not be required to turn in their supplies as in the past. A supply transfer system will be put in operation which will enable the delegate to transfer his organization supplies from 110 to any industrial union he transfers to, thereby not losing contact with the organization. Members who leave the harvest will find delegates functioning in the respective industries they work in, and thereby not only will the membership be retained but a greater amount of activity will be manifested in other industries. It is the aim to have organization transplanted from industry to industry and when the next harvest rolls around more and better organization machinery must function.

In this campaign the real future of the organization is being put to the test. The advantages and concessions that we gained in the past are many and there is no reason to question the possibility of greater success. The militancy of the membership can accomplish the feat that will not only put agriculture in the hands of the workers, but all of the industries. For Industrial Unionism must triumph. All power lies with the workers.

States, and, for that matter, throughout the world, no doubt. In small towns it is not so bad, but in the large cities, it is deplorable. The girls who are working in these stores, usually girls who have had little opportunity for education, are paid wages so low that just to exist is a problem for them. For instance, in Chicago a department store will give preference, when hiring help, to the girl who lives at home. Because that girl can, and will, work for less money than a girl not living at home can and must pay a regular rate for room and board. This makes it just that much harder for the girl who does not live at home to secure a job, and it is really more essential that she have one. Do you suppose that these girls who live at home, and work for less money than a girl not living at home can possibly work for, know that they are lowering the standard of living for that other girl? They do not. It has never been pointed out to them. Girls who have ever been affiliated with a union are never hired by these large department stores, if the management is aware of it. If one begins to spread the idea of unionism among them, there is very shortly a position vacant, and the employment bureau of the store is looking for another girl who lives at home.

The girl living at home will accept a smaller wage because she can go home and give her mother a small portion of her wages, which goes for room and board, and her parents will no doubt help her to buy clothes. Clothes are a big item for these girls. To hold their positions, they must at least be fairly well dressed. To become shabby and run down in appearance means the loss of their job, and they know it. The 20 per cent discount allowed them on clothes sold them by the store amounts to very little, and when things are marked down for a sale, there is less discount given.

The girl who does not live at home, when offered a wage ranging from \$15.00 to \$18.00 a week, must figure very closely to meet just her room and board. Then each week a certain sum must be put by for the winter coat, or spring coat, or new shoes or new hat, if she is to dress to hold her job. A room in a large town like Chicago, that is fit to live in, in a neighborhood that is half way safe, will run from \$5.00 to \$8.00 a week. Sometimes she can lessen it by rooming with some other girl in like circumstances. Meals run high as well, and the experience of the writer has been that during the first part of the week, right after pay day, a girl in those circumstances eats pretty well.

But Friday, Saturday, sometimes as early as Thursday, the cash supply begins to run low, and it takes a deal of figuring to get enough for each meal, and still keep the price of the meal within the range of the bank account. Then it is necessary to patronize the soda fountains, for the tempting array of food at a cafeteria, even a cheap one, is too much. At the fountain you can get rolls and coffee, or a sandwich and coffee, without seeing all of the things for which you hunger, and while it may not be enough, it at least tides one over.

Of course there is an alternative, and some of them accept it. Many of them are assisted by "friends". When a girl arrives at work in a new dress this comment is not unusual. "Look at the new dress. Who's keeping you?" And usually, if the truth were known, someone is at least assisting in that process, and—collecting for his help. This is not the case with all of these girls, but it is with many of them. It is not their fault, either. They are surrounded with beautiful things all of their working hours. Being girls, they long for these beautiful things, put there to attract the attention of women in more fortunate circumstances than themselves. When they see an opportunity to get them, often without thinking of the future consequences, they grab for it. If they were shown a better way, even though it is a harder way, do you not think they would try it? Of course to a certain percentage of them, it would be the "way of the least resistance," but many of them are intelligent, young, impressionable, seeking new ideas. If we could reach these girls, and imbue them with the idea of industrial unionism, they would assist us in spreading it. Quietly, perhaps, so as to hold on to their poorly paid jobs. But nevertheless, they would be working at it, teaching others.

If you haven't attempted to reach these workers, whose fault is it? Do you not think them worthy of consideration? Or do you think like many others, "Oh, department store help and the white collared stiffs are too hard to line up"? Maybe they are hard to line up. Maybe it is hard to jar them loose from that old idea of getting everything for themselves individually, instead of for themselves as a class. BUT IT CAN BE DONE. Let us not neglect any line of organization work that will benefit any members of our class. Whether they are white collared stiffs, department store girls, waitresses or lumber jacks, let's try to get them into the I. W. W.

## UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE MACHINE

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# Fascism



## A Frankenstein Monster



By FRANCIS J. MALLOY

### BENITO MUSSOLINI

Performs the Murderous Work of the Italian Bourgeoisie. His Reign of Terror is a Negation of All Parliamentary Procedure and Humanitarian Action



**E**X-SOLDIERS who had served in the D'Annunzio army formed the first Fascist troops in 1919 and their attitude toward militant labor was fraternal.

They supported the taking of factories by the workers, which caused so great a shock to the capitalists of Italy and sent a few shivers up the backs of their colleagues and kindred spirits throughout the world.

But by August and September of the following year Fascism became neutral in the matter of class struggle, and under its silence was germinating a new force to which has been flung the vilest machinery of suppression and horror since the termination of the world war. Discovering that the workers were opposed to the social aspirations and movements of Fascism, that they were against constructing a bridge of coalition between Italian capitalism and labor unionism, Fascist leaders threw emphasis upon the nationalistic side, which is the side of the bourgeoisie.

The Fascisti has perpetrated upon its adversaries a modus operandi consisting of methodical violence. Opportunists are always present and Benito Mussolini saw his great chance for power and all that it means. He had been in the labor movement as a

radical for many years and possessed some literary skill. More important, though, was his ability to show the capitalists of Italy that in him and the Black Shirts lay a force that could crush out the rising tide of revolutionary labor. How well he succeeded became apparent immediately in the tone of the Fascist Party Program which stated the objects of Fascism in terms that are not ambiguous.

The first sentence of this program says that:

"Fascism has constituted itself a political party in order to stiffen its discipline and define its creed."

The world knows by the long story of bloodshed under Fascism and by its countless atrocities how well was stiffened the discipline that means that if the leader cries to the subordinate to murder his own flesh and blood it shall be done for the sake of "duty." But what was this credo that needed definition, and that repudiated the more vague and idealistic manifesto of the movement issued in 1919?

Well, to begin with, the state is dealt with. Says the program:

"The State is reduced to those functions which are essential, the political and judicial.

"The State should confer powers on certain associations and should entrust to the professional and economic corporations the right of electing the members of the National Technical Councils."

Nothing of so comprehensive a nature was ever put into clearer language, and we see by this ingenious arrangement that to capitalists alone is conceded absolutism in productive operations. For the work of beating the labor movement the Black Shirts were to be given a free hand to receive whatever loot they could put their hands on. Employers were to be rid of troublesome unions and of revolutionary dangers. There was no place in the program for representation or voice by economic associations of workers.

We cannot give the entire program but there are various excerpts that are enlightening. Such for example is the elaboration giving an outline of the functioning by essential wings of the new scheme.

"To the sphere of parliament belong questions regarding the individual as a citizen of the state, and regarding the state as the guardian of supreme national interests; to the sphere of the National Technical Councils belong questions referring to the various activities of individuals as producers."

These supreme national interests are not the interests of the Italian masses but of parasites living on the masses, and the technical councils are purely capitalist bodies exercising control over industry. It should be remembered that members of these councils are elected by the professional and economic corporations.

Then was set down in the program the cardinal article of faith before which the world itself must bow:

"The State recognizes the social functions of private property which is at the same time a right and a duty."

It was while contesting the validity of this claim that Italian workers so shortly before managed to take over a number of industrial establishments. The state is built on private property and maintained by every sort of violence to hold such rights paramount. Whenever private property is threatened the state steps in, in the form of police and military power and stamps out the menace. When the state can no longer succeed in this capacity there shall be no more private property of social tools.

What the Fascist Party thinks about the vital matter of education is summed up in this way:

"The aim of the school should be to train persons capable of insuring the economical and political progress of the nation; of raising the moral and intellectual level of the workers and of providing for the constant renewal of the governing class by developing the best elements in all classes."

It is strikingly evident that the writers of this euphonious document did not believe that govern-

mental participation by workers was conducive to the moral elevation of these silenced elements, and that whatever raising was to be done about their moral and intellectual levels must proceed from the ruling class of capitalists with absolute authority, to be accepted without question. Even the gentlest and wisest of conceivable paternalisms is a damnable thing because the individual comes first and individuals acting together for common objects must develop and maintain their own levels in every field. But we know by the long record of the Mussolini gang how they sought to edify the workers they regarded as beneath the right to voice either in industry or government.

The Fascisti set about with a will and prepared their drive against the unions. Sweeping like a tornado across the peninsula and from end to end of it they captured or destroyed the printing plants of the workers. Union halls and cooperative ones were taken over, and in many cases burned and demolished completely. While these outrages were being enacted the members of the unions were told to disperse and to stay apart. They were beaten and murdered. Even their children were shamefully treated, and the wives of union men were assaulted by the Mussolini idealists who couched their phrases so well for a party program, but who knew nothing in practice but the work of their capitalist masters.

The labor movement in Italy was destroyed. Benito received the smiles and the plaudits of employer, king and pope. He then predicted that his movement that scrapped democracy in practice, though adhering to certain of its forms, was destined to develop throughout the present century.

However, capitalists know that they have nothing in common with workers and when necessary they act unitedly to defeat their slaves, but there are within the capitalist class contending factions, all eager to dominate. Benito ran parliament without opposition, because he permitted no opposition. Elections were farcical even when they were not bloody, and the small bosses weren't getting just the sort of deal they had expected when they sat in the game. Benito said that parliament was subject to dissolution at his command should a majority oppose him. He relied on the Fascist troops.

But when Matteotti was assassinated by his agents the reaction set in quite definitely and all Italy seethed with discussion of the crime. Mussolini refused to permit publishers to comment on this murder in any way reflecting discredit upon Fascism, and, of course, upon the leading light of this incendiary organization. Fascism is on the decline. The ruffians composing its forces have superseded civil authority and made of themselves a general nuisance, and are nothing but privileged thugs. They are now obnoxious to the capitalists who used them so gladly to break the unions. The bosses of Italy are sure to disperse them at last, relying upon their ability to recruit force from time to time as needed for working class enslavement.

# Unite!

By COVINGTON AMI



Let us face the facts, my brothers,  
Put the isms all aside;  
In our war for life and freedom,  
Be Illusion not our guide.

Put no trust in futile factions  
Clashing over paper laws;  
Only in our solidarity  
Is there safety for our cause.

Know the world in which we struggle  
Is a world without a right  
For the men who stand asunder,  
For the ones who can't unite.

Hear me, all ye rank and file men;  
Hear me, all ye leaders, too;  
All the hard won rights are lost us  
When our front is broken through.

Away with all the folly  
That now keeps us on our knees,  
That divides us from our brothers  
Who are battling o'er the seas!

Close the lines our errors shattered!  
Build once more our dreaded might!  
All for one and one for all, boys,  
In our One Big Union fight!



ment, but it was easier to steer them on the way they took than it is to eliminate them.

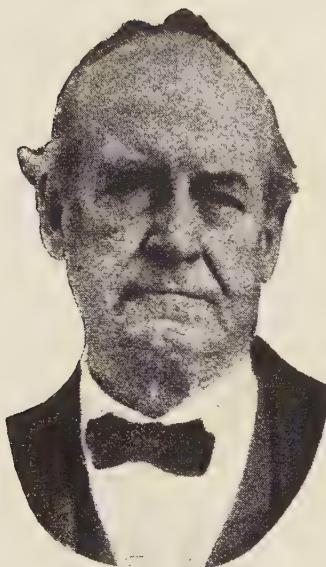
The Italian Fascisti maneuvered itself into a position whereby it remained intact when the bourgeois emergency that remodelled it in its present form had passed. American capitalists of outstanding power have expressed themselves favorable to the establishment of an American Fascisti. They have an American Legion nucleus, and the Pennsylvania Cossacks to make a good start. It is probable, however, that they would know how to keep the agent from becoming the boss of the situation.

It is significant that the International Chamber of Commerce convened its 1923 congress in Rome, and that Gary came back here from banqueting with Mussolini sounding his praises and advocating a similar movement in this country. Gary knows the value of gunmen to keep his slaves in their place. It is about time for the workers to be even a tenth as alert to their own interests. There is a decline in Italian Fascism, but the soil of this land is favorable to a growth of anti-union terrorism beside which the one in Italy may appear to have been of small consequence.

# Man and Monkey

By JOHN H. DEQUER

Bryan May Think Descent From the Apes An Absurd Theory, And He Is Making Money by Fighting the Truth. Physically He Rather Resembles the Anthropoids.



THIS article may be of small consolation to Bryan, and at the same time it may add to the merriment of our professors. Unfortunately I cannot control the mental reactions of either. Modernist and fundamentalist alike may take umbrage at my dreams. I should worry. I do not live in Tennessee. What I have to say, I say, and having said, I rest and let others masticate the fabric to their heart's content.

I have a parking place in the camp of the evolutionists. I have studied their domain sufficiently to be absolutely convinced that Charles Darwin did not write Tarzan, and that Herbert Spencer did not evolve the monkey gland idea. But to be honest, I must say that I am not completely at home in the Evolutionary Temple. There are nooks and crannies in it that I do not like. For instance, the idea that man and apes originated from some common ancestor has always seemed a little bit overdrawn to me. It literally gets my angora, which is American for goat, to have some bulge-brain Prof tell me that there is evidence that the soft-eyed gibbon, and the soulful orang-outang, together with the kindly-souled chimpanzee, are even remote causing to a Los Angeles landlord, or a Long Beach oil promoter. It manifestly is unfair to these kindly creatures of the woods. For a great naturalist told me once upon a time that the apes were in no sense predatory. It even hurts me to think of them being related to certain ministers of the Gospel whom I have known and who were guilty at times of very un-apelike conduct.

Of course I recognize that for all I have said here there may be a very close connection, but if so it only goes to show how far we may drift apart in the course of our biologic evolution. Get me right, I do not say the professors are wrong, but I do say, that if they are right it is too bad for the apes.

When, however, we stop to consider the facts,

we can see certain similarities which are rather striking. For instance, we know that the ape is a great imitator. He mimics a great many things he sees man do. Man when poor imitates the rich, and when rich he imitates the devil. Again I have been told that in India they catch monkeys by having them put on boots in imitation of a man. This destroys their climbing power. Man, in these days, also drinks bootleg which increases his climbing power.

But the apes in their imitative faculties do not go to such extraordinary lengths that man is wont to go. They may put on man's boots, and on occasion drink his bootleg, but they will not go so far as to imitate him in his system of property ownership, or master and slave relations. They probably are too ignorant. Probably this is another case where ignorance is bliss.

There are many things that apes do which man would like to do were it not for certain paper fences he has built around the objects of his desire. He is different from the happy apes in that he is continually ruled by the hands of dead men. Apes soon forget the dead, but with man it is not so. He goes to the graves of his ancestors for precedents of conduct, as well as for material for his high-sounding orations on liberty.

And speaking of orations, that brings me back to Bryan who, like the Gaderean demoniacs, lives among the tombs. He does not like the theory of evolution. Kinship with the apes hurts him. An artist once told me that no one could appreciate a picture when he was too close to it. Is not that the trouble with our eloquent friend? I have often noticed that a rich man is rather reticent about admitting relationship with impecunious relatives in his neighborhood. But if there be any mental similarity between apes and men, Bryan shows it most pronouncedly. The apes we know make no intellectual progress. They are what they were in the Stone Age.

Bryan is eloquent, that is true. But then, so are the vocal memnon, and the sphinx, but that does not say that they manifest growth. They are milestones along the path of evolution and not evolution itself. But what is the use! There are so many things the apes do that is above the human, and there is so much the humans do that is below the ape, that there is almost as much evidence for the fall as for the climb of man. Man must be related to monkeys, especially those who live in Tennessee.



DIGGER PAY  
BETTER CONDITIONS

GIVE THE  
MEN ALL THE  
EGGS THEY WANT!



# Farm Workers, Organize!

By EDWARD E. ANDERSON

That there is a growing inclination among farmers to get together in various cooperative associations organized along the line of the products to be marketed, and that this tendency is very strong, will be realized after reading the following editorial taken from the June 1, 1925, issue of the **Western Farmer**. Under the caption of "Cooperative Marketing Growing" the editor states:

"While cooperative marketing is not a new idea in the United States, the greatest growth has been within the last ten years. In the last two years it has become of national importance. The following data, at the beginning of 1925, is interesting. The total number of farm organizations in the United States is now in excess of twelve thousand with a membership of approximately two million farmers and doing an annual business of more than two billion, five hundred million dollars. Seventy per cent of all the associations are in the twelve north central states. These states include the great corn producing area. Eight per cent of the organizations are in three of the Pacific Coast states. There has been an increase of nearly 200 per cent in the number of associations since 1915, according to the department of agriculture; the membership has increased 300 per cent and the estimated amount of business has increased 200 per cent as measured in dollars. Secretary Jardine is the friend of stable cooperative marketing and it is hoped that it will be possible for him to encourage the movement, giving it whole-hearted support from every angle."

That there are other reasons for farmers organizing besides the disposal of their products in the most advantageous way must be recognized. One of these other reasons is the setting of wages for farm laborers. For instance, we get the following from the American Farm Bureau Weekly News Letter:

"You get untold benefits by joining with your neighbors in the Farm Bureau that could not be secured if you were working as an individual. In order to be more prosperous, you and your neighboring farmers must have more money. Either you must get more for your product or pay less for what goes into it. . . It means a fight. An organization is absolutely necessary."

The average farmer knows just one way of cutting down the cost of production and that is to cut the wages of his hired man. That that is just exactly what is meant with "or pay less for what goes into it" is proven by the fact that in orchard and berry districts the association will set a price for labor, be it piece work or day wages, that is mandatory upon its members, in many instances going so far as to penalize the association members for paying above the scale set by the association. For instance, in the berry fields of Missouri and Arkansas the associations provide a penalty of 25c per crate of berries if members pay above the set scale. In other parts of the country, where they have no fixed penalty, it is customary to give the ones paying above the "going wage" less consideration than others when it comes to grading fruit, and even to use pressure upon the banker so that credits are not so readily extended to the "scabs." It is just plainly a case of the association using sabotage to discipline its members.

The fact that there are in the United States over twelve thousand farm organizations should not be taken to mean that there is no attempt at establishing the One Big Union of the farmers. The

American Farm Bureau Federation is such. The general marketing counsel of the American Farm Bureau Federation, Mr. Frank Evans, told the Farm Bureau members in Minnesota that:

"The purpose of the American Farm Bureau Federation has always been to build up the conservative institution which will be of permanent service to the farmers of America. . . . Reports from nearly all the state bureaus indicate steadily increasing membership in the organization which clearly shows that the outstanding service which it has performed in conjunction with state and county organizations is appreciated by the farmers of the country."

The division of the farmers into twelve thousand associations is merely a division along the line of product, very much similar to the division of factory workers into groups of machinists, blacksmiths, wood workers, painters, etc.; all working in the same factory but doing different specialized work necessary to turn out the assembled machine. Just as there is a growing tendency of factory workers organizing along the line of industry instead of classification according to tools used, so there is a growing realization among the farmers that local organizations, divisions made for convenience in handling local affairs, must be coordinated to the interests of farming as a whole. The American Farm Bureau Weekly states the case in the following words:

"You get a definite tie-up with other farmers not in your particular line of farm business. The Farm Bureau is the only organization of state and national scope that includes dairymen, fruitgrowers, market gardeners, poultrymen, tobacco, cotton, onions, grain, and all the various commodities. In principle it is like the Chamber of Commerce which represents all lines of industry, merchandizing and banking."

The ever increasing farm tenancy and absentee farm ownership has something to do with the "farmers" organizing. The moving spirits in the farm organizations in many instances are absentee owners who as a matter of self-protection are active in organizing cooperative marketing associations. First, they do it because they want to increase their monetary returns upon share rents; secondly, they do it to make tenancy agreeable to the ones farming their land, because there is the lurking fear that if tenancy is not a paying business for the tenant he may be expected either to quit farming or organize as a tenant and demand that the absentee owner accept a smaller share for the use of the land. Neither are pleasant outlooks for Mr. Absentee Owner. Hence he willingly gives his time to cooperative marketing associations. It is the one place where he may meet his renter upon a common ground—as a seller of farm products.

Even the bankers are now not only looking with favor upon cooperative associations, but are actively lending a hand. The great after-the-war crash in farm values caused the change of heart and furnished the economic reason for it. During the war, when farm products were in great demand and commanded high prices, land values rose far out of proportion to any rise in such values that could be accounted for under the heading of pressure of population, and as such be considered permanent rises in value. Farmers under the urge of the high prices and the consequent bulge in their pocket books, and also under urge of the bankers and business men who were looking for business, started deflating their pocket books by buying motor cars, new machinery, building new homes, and extending their land holdings if they were owners, or buying land if they were renters. In most instances they secured their purchases through crop liens and mortgages in the shortsighted hope that the war would last and the prices be high long enough for them to pay off their liens and mortgages. When the crash in prices came the farmers were unable to meet their obligations and the bankers had on hand a lot of almost worthless paper. To reestablish these values the bankers were forced into a position of having to assist the farmer in selling his products in the most advantageous manner. Hence we see the banker behind the move for organizing cooperative marketing associations for the farmers' self-protection.

Once upon a time the farmer believed that he could better his material welfare by joining a political party and voting its ticket straight. "Them days is gone forever." He has had his fill of politics. State owned elevators, state owned flour mills, state owned banks no longer have any appeal to him. He has seen the control of these politically obtained economic necessities slip out of his hands through a sudden turn in the political fortunes, and actually used against him by the opposition party. No more of that for him. He has learned his lesson. It is economic organizations to obtain material ends from now on.

That farmers' economic organizations have their trials and tribulations the same as labor unions is, of course, an undeniable fact. They suffer from bad or treacherous management, lack of understanding on the part of their members for the need of solidarity, and the anarchy in production and distribution of the so-called independents. The most outstanding example of this is the debacle of the Raisin Growers' Association, the fall of which was caused by a combination of the above named three factors. The association was feared by the banking and business interests, and by the independent raisin buyers and packers, and the so-called Sherman anti-trust act was invoked against the raisin growers. This placed somewhat of a curb upon their organization activities. It made it impossible to establish anything approaching a hundred per cent organization, and was done in the holy name of free competition. The high tide of

raisin grower prosperity brought disaster when it receded on account of a glutted market. This glutting was brought about as the inevitable result of uncontrolled grape planting. Under the stimulus of high prices for dried grapes everyone who had a chance planted grapes. Alfalfa fields were plowed up and planted with grape cuttings. When they came into bearing at the time of the initial fall in prices they caused the bottom to fall completely out of the market. The association tried to stem the tide but was helpless in the face of intimated treachery within and the anarchy in production without. The crash came with the bankers finding themselves holding worthless paper to the tune of nine million dollars, or thereabouts. The countryside was bankrupt; the business in the raisin growing districts at a standstill. The shoe now hurt on the other foot, too. It didn't take the bankers and business men very long after the crash to realize that a mistake had been made on their part in opposing the association. They are now not only boasting for an association in partial control of the raisin market but one with as nearly one hundred per cent control as is possible with a few independent raisin packing houses in the field.

There is no attempt here made to glorify the farmer in his struggle to gain economic liberty for himself and his class. He is and ever has been, when considered as a class, a labor hater. His position in life forces him into this position. As an absentee owner he is a capitalist; as a working owner he gets the full products of his toil except, so he reasons, for what he has to give out in wages to his hired hand (that he is exploiting his hired hand does, on the average, not occur to him); as a renter he is a producer in the position where he has to turn over a share of the crop to the absentee owner for the use of the land in production. As often as not the owner pays no part of the labor cost of producing his share, so it is to the interest of the renter no matter whether he pays the whole bill for the labor power needed to produce the crop, harvest it, and deliver it at the shipping point, or only a part of it, to have as small a part of the crop as possible go to pay labor. This places the farmer definitely upon the side of capital and opposed to labor. He may deny it, which some of them do, but put him to the test and he will react in the defense of the profit system. "If I don't make money how are you going to get yours?" can very often be forced out of even an old-time socialist in response to a demand for a raise in wages. Economic interests speak louder than the weak voice of socialistic altruism.

In the past we have seen abortive attempts at collaboration upon the political field between city workers and farmers. The opportunistically inclined politicians who made these abortive attempts were poor historians and poor economists. Even a superficial study of the past, using the materialistic concept of it as a guide in the study, would have revealed that the fundamental motive in man and the building of his institutions is an economic one. A hasty excursion into the question of labor and capi-

tal as explained by Marx (these politicians claimed to be Marxians), should have proven to them the class cleavage and that the farmer, no matter what his sentiment may be at the time of the political collaboration, must react to his economic interests or go under as a farmer.. Political parties of such a nature are ephemeral. They cannot last because they are founded in discontent instead of economic interest. In Europe we have seen the peasants rise and crush the city workers in more than one instance. Why did the peasants crush out the revolutions of the city workers? Because their economic desires were opposites. The peasant wanted a piece of land and the chance to be king of his own domain, however small. The city worker wanted communal ownership and industrial democracy. In the places in Europe where the revolutions of the city workers were crushed out and drowned in blood the peasants were the many and the city workers the few. In this country, as in Europe, the farmer must be reckoned with as a reactionary, opposed through economic interests to the ascendancy of the workers into industrial control.

The only force that can hope to offset the reactionary tendency of the farmer, to counterbalance it and overcome it, is a strong industrial union encompassing all of the farm proletariat bound to organizations of the city workers by ties that brook no schism; because a split in the ranks of the organized workers must ever be accounted an act of treachery, whether brought about by paid agents of the master class or sincere fools. When a split occurs severe disciplinary methods must be used if honest efforts to settle differences fail.

In spite of the increasing introduction of machinery upon the farm a large part of the work is still done by hand labor. At harvest time large numbers of workers are necessary upon the farm. The harvest is the farmers' pay day. Crops must be harvested when in the best condition to go to market or the farmer will lose money. If he doesn't get his crops gathered he loses, in many cases, a whole year's work. This offers the workers a chance to enforce certain demands provided they have organization to back them in making these demands. To take full advantage of this situation is where unity of labor plays its important role. If there is a split in their ranks, if there be not solidarity then the workers fall an easy prey to the organized employers.

All issues that tend to divide the workers and cause them to fight among themselves are viewed with glee by the master class and it will lend active aid to any minority faction that can be used for such a purpose. Gifted so-called inside operatives are used to this end by private detective agencies. At times these detectives reach places of trust and power in labor organizations from which they are in a position to cause disruption and splits to the detriment of not only the organization immediately involved but to the labor movement and working class as a whole. To guard against such treachery is of utmost importance to the welfare of any labor or-

ganization. Not to assist in the stamping out of all attempts at duality is to put one's approval upon treachery. Even acts of sincere fools must be dealt with summarily if they lead to splits in the ranks of labor. There is an old Hindu parable that covers this point admirably. It is about an elephant that was guarding a man while he slept. A fly landed on the man's face and troubled his sleep. The elephant saw the fly and in its eagerness to please its master it stepped on the fly and incidentally crushed the man's skull. Then it trumpeted loud to the world its victory over the fly. Of course, it was just a big dumb brute and much can be said in excuse of its act; but it is evident that it would be very dangerous ever to allow it in the future to stand guard over another sleeping man.

Such is the status of the sincere fool within the ranks of organized labor. He more than likely means well, but being a fool his remedies are very often worse than the disease, so to speak. That he afterwards is proud of his accomplishment merely emphasizes that he is a fool, and a dangerous one, and must be curbed for the good of the organization as a whole. The master class in the past used the same means that are used in labor organizations to keep the farmers disorganized. Now it is leaving the farmers' organizations alone, even aiding them in becoming organized, and is centralizing its efforts upon the labor organization most likely to be of lasting benefit to the workers. It remains for the workers to frustrate such attempts by vigorous and rigorous action. Solidarity must be the watchword, and the only one. They must realize that the farmers are receiving support from the bankers and business men in forming their organizations, while they must organize in the face of all the opposing forces of capitalism—subsidized treachery included. Whenever the farm workers, and especially the harvest workers, be it fruit or grain, come to the further realization that one mighty force is in their grasp and on their side; that in their hands they hold the bread basket of the world full of ripe fruit, and that by organizing, and giving expression to their solidarity, they can dictate their own terms to the employers, things will quickly take a turn for the better, and ultimately the workers may gain not only an increase in wages but the full product of their toil. The time to act is at harvest time when the grain and fruit are ripe.

This brief study and partial analysis of the farmer in relation to cooperative marketing—his definite classification as a capitalist—and of the means used to make labor organizations ineffective, merely emphasizes the great need for the farm laborers to organize and **organize right**. In the past the farmer was considered legitimate prey for the pirates of finance. This attitude on the part of the big capitalists has now changed into one of actual assistance in organizing the farmer, and to recognize him as a power in national economy, as we have attempted to prove. The industrial debacle experienced in

(Continued on page Forty-Three)

# Dear Old Jim

(To James Whitcomb Riley)

By JACK KENNEY

WHERE the sycamores are guarding  
And the pensive willows weep  
In the land he lived to honor,  
Dear old Jim is wrapped in sleep—  
He who sensed the wistful minors,  
With a master minstrel ken,  
Of the fairyland of childhood,  
Echoed from the souls of men,  
Swimmin' hole and gopher warren,  
Bogey man in homespun smock,  
Autumn fields of frosted pumpkin,  
Fodder bursting in the shock.

DEAR old Jimmy's simple carols,  
Thrill with tender themes of life,  
Which the country-nurtured toilers  
Yearn for in the city's strife.  
Where the rabble spawn and wither,  
In the stench and noise and glare,  
Where the callow plans of boyhood  
Vanish in the smoky air,  
Where the harvest moon is missing  
And experiences mock  
Memories of ripened pumpkin,  
And of fodder in the shock.

WHERE the constable is handy  
If a slave default in rent,  
Where our parents' code of morals  
Isn't worth a battered cent,  
Where the crux of any function  
Is a scheme to buy or sell,  
Where the cockroach raids for rations  
And the bedbug gives his smell,  
Where the piecework-stunted shop girl  
Barters birthright for a frock,  
When the frost is on the pumpkin  
And the fodder's in the shock.

WHEN the mortar cakes the trowel  
And the brick seems edged with burr,  
When the eyes are blear and gritty  
And the ledger figures blur,  
When the firebox is flaring  
And the slice bar sears the skin,

When the hammer bangs the anvil  
With a true infernal din,  
When the street car rails are fusing  
With the reeking pavement rock,  
Now we dream of frosted pumpkin  
And the fodder in the shock.

NOW we wish that every human  
Held in fee his rood of land,  
That the acres barred for profit  
Might be adequately manned,  
But we rouse to stop a crunching  
Or to clamp or check or whet,  
In the work that fends between us  
And the bogey man of debt,  
Casting one eye on the straw boss  
And the other on the clock,  
When the frost is on the pumpkin  
And the fodder's in the shock.

NOW we miss the sunny clearings  
Where our fathers plied the axe,  
And where liberty is fading  
With the flourish of the tax!  
For to ramble in the old scenes  
We must break the trespass law—  
We must prowl among the thicket  
To escape the marshal's claw—  
We must lurk in mushroom bottoms  
Where we stalked the blackbird flock,  
When the frost is on the pumpkin  
And the fodder's in the shock.

DEAR old Jimmy's honored ashes  
Moulder in his native soil,  
While the city-stifled exiles  
Burn the city midnight oil,  
And the swimmin' hole is brooding  
Where the teal and curlew flit,  
While the grown-up boys are straining  
At the jobs they dare not quit,  
For the labor mart is glutted  
And the slave is on the block,  
When the frost is on the pumpkin  
And the fodder's in the shock.

# Unwritten Books Reviewed

By ROBERT WHITAKER

Our New Book Department is unlike that of any other periodical in the world. As THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER is emphatically a "forward-looking" magazine this original book department will deal with books which have not yet been written, but which obviously ought to be written, and will be written as the new social order gets more and more control of world affairs. We can say with confidence that the author of this department is peculiarly well qualified to anticipate the publications of tomorrow, not only as to their titles, and the publishing houses which will have the courage and enterprise to put them forth, but also as to the lines of survey and argument which the most worth while publications of tomorrow will follow. Any of our readers who wish to contribute information and suggestions concerning books which they have discovered in the offing are invited to send them to this office, or write direct to Mr. Whitaker, at 506 Tajo Building, Los Angeles, California.

## Under Freedom's Flag

By Professor Historicus Americus

Published by The Milmacken Company, New York, N. Y.

IT IS more than four centuries since such a work as this has been put forth, and the earlier publication can hardly be said to belong to the same class though evidently the suggestion for this monumental work came from the writer of the ancient volume, commonly known as Foxe's BOOK OF MARTYRS. This volume is, as the later date of publication would naturally lead one to expect, by far the more exact and scholarly an achievement. In this respect it reminds one, indeed, of a well-known work published by an American author in 1888, i. e., "A HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION OF THE MIDDLE AGES," and the later work of the same scholar on the SPANISH INQUISITION. There is, however, no need to compare this writing in particular either with the famous English text-book on martyrology or with the more scientific studies of the persecutions of the Middle Ages by Henry Charles Lea. Whatever of suggestion and inspiration Dr. Historicus Americus may have gotten from either or both of these earlier authors the work which we are reviewing has a place and character altogether its own. That it will be even more bitterly attacked than were either of its predecessors goes without saying when one takes into account the present activities of our American Defense societies, Better America federations, and similar self-accredited champions of One Hundred Percentism. It is rumored already that the Post Office authorities are being besieged to bar it from the mails, and means are being sought by which the author can be removed from his professorial position in the University of Tenkucky, and if possible put behind the bars for a long period of years. The scholarship which he has here exhibited may possibly save him from his fate, but it is to be noted that none of the standard magazines or leading newspapers have so far noticed the book in their reviewing columns, and there is an ominous silence in those circles of advanced learning to which Americans ought to be able to look with confidence for the defense of freedom of research and publication.

### The Stars and Stripes

The book itself, which is in four parts, deals with the persecution of opinion in America since the very beginnings of our national life. Indeed, it might be said that the title of the book is not al-

together accurate as to the first hundred pages or so because this portion of the work deals largely with such persecutions before we were a nation, and before our present flag, The Stars and Stripes, had been adopted as the national emblem. But this

criticism is after all quite incidental. An adequate treatise on American intolerance could hardly be written without dealing at considerable length with the violence displayed toward the American loyalists, that is, those who supported law and order and the constituted authorities when first the movement was made toward establishing a revolutionary regime in America.

Although some work had been done on these lines before the appearance of the present volume we are compelled to admit that the people as a whole have remained almost wholly ignorant of the extent to which the advocates of the American Revolution, the highly honored ancestors of our esteemed SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION carried their lawlessness and violence and scorn of the "better classes" in order to carry out their program of revolt. Dr. Historicus Americus deals with these details most graphically and convincingly, but unfortunately betrays a somewhat unscholarly touch by comparing these insurrectionists of a century and a half ago to the I. W. W. of our time, though he is fair enough to admit that no such violence and cruelties and utter disregard of both equity and legality can be proven against the Industrial Workers of the World as many reputable American historians have admitted concerning the mobs that dealt with those who were disposed to be loyal to government and court in the days of King George. The "spirit of '76," as Dr. Historicus Americus deals with it seems to have been more allied to our Defense mobs of today than to anything that has even been charged against the radicals of our time.

In the second part of this monumental volume the author deals with the suppression of the American negro, and the advocates of negro emancipation in the decades before the Civil War. The third part has to do with the treatment of labor in America from the earliest times, and again our author allows himself to go somewhat beyond the limits which his title suggests, as he deals, briefly but very effectively, with the treatment accorded to labor in the American colonies long before independence, national organization and a flag were realized. With more fullness he takes up the rise of the labor movement in America, and the violence with which the workers' early protests were met a century ago. In the fourth and concluding part of the volume, which is as long as the other three parts combined, the author portrays in detail the story of the last sixty-five years, since the days of Abraham Lincoln and negro

emancipation. There is an extended sub-section on Reconstruction in the South, another on The Negro Since Reconstruction Days, another on The Big Stick And Organized Labor Since The Civil War, and a concluding sub-section on The Violence Of American Imperialism.

The book as a whole is an overwhelming indictment of our claim to be a civilized people. Hundreds of incidents are dealt with in such detail and with such citations of indisputable authorities, and thousands of other like incidents are suggestively massed in the background so as to justify the author's conclusion that "under our flag" there has been an almost unparalleled exhibit throughout our whole experience as a separate people of an all but insane vindictiveness against both the conservative and the radical whenever either of these got in the way of an endangered economic interest or a made-to-order popular hysteria. The loyalist of 1775, or the "copperhead" of 1861 find themselves as ruthlessly suppressed in seeking to maintain the policies only a little while before approved by all the orderly classes as do the abolitionist of 1830-1860, or the I. W. W. of the last quarter of a century.

In general the author is exact and fair in showing that American intolerance has manifested with almost equal virulence and ruthlessness toward dissentients of either sort, those who were behind their times, or those who were ahead of the age. Apart from an occasional and incidental utterance here and there his treatment of the I. W. W. is surprisingly just, and he has given an exhibit of American lawlessness and mad moronism in action in dealing with the American pogroms against the Industrial Workers of the World which is quite unanswerable and will remain for a long time to come the standard work of reference for all who are laboring to save the United States from the savagery which has thus far marked its dealings with racial, political, and economic non-conformity.

Every man who believes in tolerance and public decency will thank Professor Historicus Americus for the vast industry and the rare courage and high moral enthusiasm with which he has done this most difficult task. The title, "Under Our Flag," gives a sting to the exhibit of our national shortcomings in the suppression of unpopular minorities and economic prophets which ought to make the work tremendously effective in turning the tides of national sentiment. We cannot afford to remain the laughing stock and the scandal of the world.

## INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE I. W. W.

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## Guarding the State

Marx said that capitalist states functioned as the executive boards of the ruling class. In his day capitalism was not the full-grown monster we see and feel in this time of excessive industrial violence. Fellow Worker Russo has sketched certain phases of police power development in the article beginning on the opposite page.

# The Cossacks And The Workers

By PASQUALE RUSSO

**“B**RING them to the prison dark,  
That dare our mandates disobey;  
And on their brow the Cain-like mark  
Put plainly so the rest can see  
That we the spector of might sway,  
Condemning all that disgrace.

**“Bring them to the torture hall;**  
**Give them the howling third degree,**  
**Hang on their feet the chain and ball;**  
**That they may limp with lingering pain,**  
**And in regretful memory**  
**Know all their struggles were in vain.**

**“Bring them to the gallows new,**  
**To drink in eagerness their blood;**  
**As blowing flowers drink the dew;**  
**Wrap around their necks the hempen threads,**  
**Pull o'er their eyes the blackened hood;**  
**Let go! We want their severed heads!”**

For some centuries now a bitter struggle has been going on between two groups, the masters and the slaves. From time to time the governmental regime of the masters has changed, but in place of it bringing freedom to the workers, it has increased their chains and refinements of oppression.

Society in its upcoming has developed through several well defined steps, such as the arboreal, migratory, hunting, pastoral, feudalistic and capitalistic. Each of these were distinct changes, yet the workers gained no advantage, chiefly because it was a change from one regime of robbers to another. The practice of exploitation remained, but was disguised under another name.

From the earliest times to the present masters and slaves have been at war; the former for the enslavement of the latter, and the later for emancipation from the former. This conflict is now known in history as the class struggle.

Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, dealing with a phase of it in the Communist Manifesto, say: "The history of all hitherto existing societies is the history of class struggles. Freeman and slaves, patrician and plebeian, lord and serf, guildmaster and journeyman, in a word, oppressor and oppressed, stood in constant opposition to one another, carried on an uninterrupted, now hidden, now open fight, a fight that each time ended either in a revolutionary reconstitution of society at large, or in the common ruin of the contending classes.

"In the earlier epochs of history, we find almost everywhere a complicated arrangement of society into various orders, a manifold gradation of social rank. In ancient Rome we have patricians, plebe-

ians, slaves; in the middle ages, feudal lords, knights, vassals, guild masters, journeymen, apprentices, serfs; in almost all these classes again, subordinate gradations.

"The modern bourgeois society that has sprouted from the ruins of feudal society, has not done away with class antagonism. It has but established new classes, new conditions of oppression, new forms of struggle in place of the old ones.

"Our epoch, the epoch of the bourgeoisie, possesses, however, this distinctive feature: it has simplified the class antagonisms. Society as a whole is more splitting up into two great hostile camps, into two great classes directly facing each other; bourgeoisie and proletariat."

In short the history of the class struggle is the story of the bloody battles between the rich and the poor, and in very nearly every instance the parasitic minority has been able to crush the workers. This has been largely due to ignorance on the part of the workers. The masters have been able to divide them and cause them to fight one another while their own ranks were of one mind and they more successfully oppressed the workers. All during the feudalistic and capitalistic regimes the ruling class has employed the church (later adding the newspaper) as an engine of oppression.

In order to protect privileges sanctioned by the church and the newspaper, the ruling class has devised all sorts of institutions to assure and guarantee its sway. One of the most effective defenses of the divine right of private property, which, by the way, was stolen from the workers, is a new monster known as the cossack.

The policeman, like the priest, is an instrument of oppression maintained by the ruling class to protect property and goods. Property and goods are products of labor, but their ownership is vested in men who do no labor. Many workers have their minds poisoned by capitalistic ideas and therefore do not understand the policing system. It was organized to maintain the master class and to fight any inroads that the workers might make. In cases where the workers attempt to free themselves from the rule of the few, the police are used to defeat it.

Charles V, a king of France, was the first to establish a policing system and he did it to "increase the happiness and security of his people." Arthur G. F. Griffith in speaking about it said: "It developed into an engine of horrible oppression and as such was repugnant to the feelings of a free people."

### The Cossack

From France the idea spread to England, where King Edgar, in 1066, following in the footsteps of Charles of France, introduced a policing system to oppress the people. The Bull's Eye, a London police journal, commenting on this method of tyranny, stated: "Since that time the police have been, to a very large extent, simply a tool of oppression wielded by kings, lords and the owning classes against the common people." And Griffith substantiates this by declaring that "The police have become the ministers of social despotism." In other countries the police system has worked more arbitrarily; it has been used to check free speech, to interfere with the right of public meetings, and condemn the expression of opinion hostile to or critical of the ruling powers. An all-powerful police, minutely organized, has in some foreign states grown into a terrible engine of oppression and made daily life nearly intolerable.

Perhaps the most autocratic police force was that used during the time of Nicholas I, Tsar of Russia. It was he who introduced the political spy system that employed thousands of policemen. It would require several large volumes to narrate the sad stories of millions of Russian workers persecuted and killed by Russian police. While it was most severe in Russia, every other country stands convicted before the bar of humanity for having used the police to authorize the slaughter of workers who challenged the system of exploitation called capitalism.

Nor is the United States free from this stain. The cossacks of the United States have slain hundreds of workers.

All the various police departments of the United States have 100 percent loyalty records as servants of big business. In every strike or industrial disturbance the police have contributed their share of clubbing, shooting and killing innocent workers. These records in the American class struggle go back to 1850 and constitute a heinous story of brutality. In 1874, during an unemployment demonstration in New York, police clubbed the work-

ers without reason or mercy. Three years later in West Virginia, during the Baltimore and Ohio railroad strike, the police, with militia and federal soldiers, used clubs and guns on the strikers.

In 1886 the workers employed by the McCormick Reaper Works went on strike to enforce the eight-hour day. The Chicago police were called upon to defend the right of the McCormicks in exploiting the workers.

This same group of police officials who enforce what they are pleased to call the law, violate other laws by interfering with the right of free speech. They club the workers without distinction as to sex. Many are the women and children who have had their heads smashed by the clubs of policemen.

As the strike at the McCormick works progressed, the police wounded many women and children and killed six workingmen. As a protest against the police terrorism of the time, some unknown person exploded a bomb in Haymarket Square. Several bystanders and seven policemen were killed. Immediately, the capitalist class, with its church and press began to cry "Revenge! Revenge!" This was accomplished by "framing" a number of prominent labor leaders. After a farcical trial seven of the labor leaders were sentenced to be hanged. August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fisher, George Engel and Louis Ling were found guilty and their penalty fixed at death. Oscar W. Neebe, another defendant, was given 15 years' imprisonment. Louis Ling, knowing that his doom was sealed, killed himself in his cell at the Cook County jail by exploding a bomb.

Many individuals and organizations appealed to Richard J. Oglesby, governor of Illinois, to commute the sentences of all the labor leaders. To all he turned a deaf ear. However, he did finally commute the decree regarding Fielden and Schwab, who were remanded to the penitentiary.

Parsons, Spies, Fisher and Engels were subsequently legally murdered to avenge the death of the seven policemen. With this outcome the press and preachers seemed to be satisfied, but nothing was ever said or done by the prostitute newspapers or churches to avenge the deaths of twenty workingmen killed during the trouble.

This execution of four noble workingmen made Chicago safe for the Citizens' Association, the Bankers' Association and the Board of Trade from that time to this.

The activities of the police in Chicago has its counterpart in all other parts of the United States.

It would require several volumes to recount all the acts of violence and brutality practiced by the American cossacks upon the workers, but here, owing to limit of space, we must confine ourselves to the more outstanding incidents.

In the Homestead strike of 1892 the workers rebelled against the tyranny of Andrew Carnegie. Carnegie, with the aid of the Pinkertons and federal troops defeated the purpose of the strike.

Much fighting was done and much blood was shed. Among the workers twelve were killed and twenty wounded.

Two years later, during the Pullman strike, under the leadership of Gene Debs, federal troops, state militia and city police were used against the strikers. During this struggle twelve men were killed.

In New York in 1907, during the Reemakers' strike and again in 1909 during the Waist and Dress Makers' strike in 1909, the police clubbed and broke many heads of workers.

In July of the latter year at McKees Rocks, Pa., 8,000 workers of the Pressed Steel Car Company went on strike. The strike was under the direction of the I. W. W., and as usual in such cases the cossacks were used to crush the strike and defeat the workers.

Regarding the use of police in this strike Vincent St. John, in his book "The I. W. W.: Its History, Structure and Methods," says: "The strike lasted eleven weeks. As usual the employers resorted to the use of the Pennsylvania State Constabulary, known as American Cossacks, to intimidate the strikers and browbeat them back to work. This constabulary is a picked body of armed thugs recruited for their ability to handle firearms. Every strike in Pennsylvania since the institution of the constabulary has been broken or crippled by them. Men, women and children have been killed or brutally maimed by them with impunity. Their advent upon the scene in McKees Rocks was marked by the usual campaign of brutality. Finally one of the cossacks killed a striker. The strike committee then served notice upon the commander of the cossacks that for every striker killed or injured by the cossacks the life of a cossack would be exacted in return. And that they were not at all concerned as to which cossack paid the penalty, but that a life for a life would be exacted. The strikers kept their word. On the next assault by the cossacks, several of the constabulary were killed and a number were wounded. The cossacks were driven from the streets and into the plants of the company. An equal number of strikers were killed and about fifty wounded in the battle. This ended the killing on both sides during the remainder of the strike. For the first time in their existence the cossacks were 'tamed.' The McKees Rocks strike resulted in a complete victory for the strikers."

During the year 1912 there were many strikes in the state of Massachusetts, and police brutalities were frequent. In that year Local 20 of the Textile Workers called a strike in Lawrence and here as usual the police used their clubs freely. In this time five strikes were called, and according to St. John, they involved 29,000 workers of whom 333 were jailed with 320 convictions. It was during this trouble that efforts were made legally to execute Ettor and Giovannitti, two leaders of the I. W. W.

At Aberdeen, Washington, 1912, the workers in

the saw mills, under the direction of the I. W. W. went on strike. The bosses sent for the police. The police acted at once, shattering the picket lines, jailing the volunteers, and making it possible for scabs to go to work. Women with babies in arms were knocked down by the use of the fire hose, and strikers were clubbed, in some instances being maimed for life. An armed mob of business men, aided by the police, raided the homes and boarding houses of the workers, herded 150 of them into boxcars at Hoquiam, sealed the doors and made ready to deport them to the Oregon cattle plains. Fortunately the mayor stopped this last illegal act.

October, 1916, found the workers rebelling against the conditions in Tidewater and Bergen Port Standard Oil plants. This day at Bayonne, N. J., the police, as usual, were called upon, and trouble ensued. Two workers were killed and twenty-five were wounded. George Gorham of the University of Vermont said: "Lack of organization beat the strikers. But more effective than anything else was the violence and thuggery used by the Bayonne police and by the armed guards employed by the company."

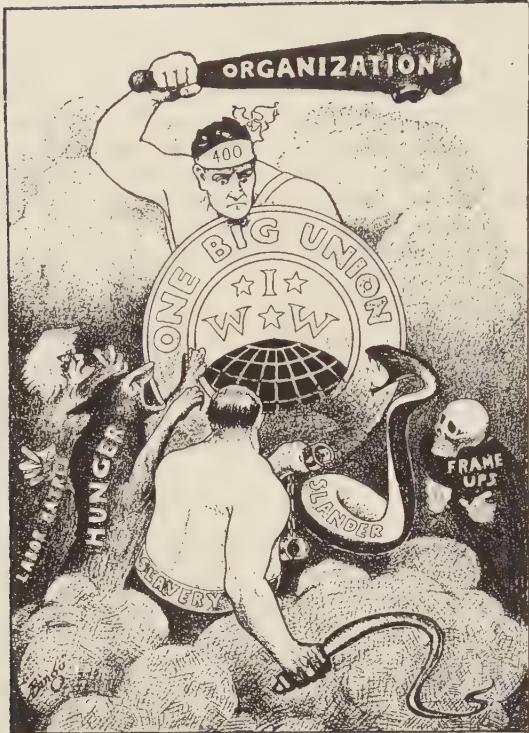
The miners of the Mesaba Range, Minnesota, went on strike June 2, 1916. Carlo Treseca, member of the I. W. W., was one of the chief leaders. During this strike four were killed by police and deputies commanded by Sheriff Meinn of Duluth. A State Commission reported to Governor Burnquist in the following language: "Miners have been exploited by the contract system, cheated, oppressed, forced to give bribes to their mine captains, arrested without warrants, given unfair trials and subjected to serious injustice at the hands of the mine guards and police."

The Ladies' Garment Workers called a strike in Chicago on February 14, 1917. Here again the police demonstrated their brutality. They clubbed women without mercy and arrested over 1400 members.

The lumber barons of Everett, Washington, instructed the police and Sheriff Donald McRae to carry a campaign of terrorism into the ranks of the I. W. W. At that time the I. W. W. was fighting to maintain the right of free speech. As a result of the instruction a number of members of the I. W. W. were massacred. Five bodies were buried, but others fell into the water and were never found.

During the summer of 1917, police helped in the deportation of 1200 strikers from Bisbee, Ariz., to a desert where they were dumped without food or water for forty-eight hours.

In 1919 there was a great steel strike in Pennsylvania. It was marked by most spectacular violence and resulted in the killing of Mrs. Fannie Sellins, a trade union organizer, on August 26, 1919. This murder was committed by cossacks. Twenty workers, all told, were murdered in this gigantic conflict.



USE THIS WEAPON TO DESTROY THESE CURSES!

The Mill Workers of Lawrence, Mass., went on strike in 1919. Again the bosses called upon the police. Regarding the violence of the police on this occasion, the Reverend John Haynes Holmes said: "For weeks these strikers were outraged by every indignity and violence that could be imposed upon them. Mounted cossacks swept the streets, repeatedly, riding down women and children into the gutters; processions and meetings which were orderly and legal in every way, were wantonly broken up; leaders were arrested on false charges, run out of town and in one case barely avoided being lynched; scarcely a day went by but some striker rushed into headquarters with blood streaming from his head, where he had been beaten by the police.

#### The Man on Horseback

Great violence also marks the year 1923. In San Pedro, California, the police crushed the strike of the longshoremen. The members were held in a stockade. To protest this Upton Sinclair decided to speak upon the subject. Sinclair and his party of four persons were arrested and kept incommunicado for 18 hours.

One of the many acts of violence was perpetrated upon Salvador Rose and his wife in Toledo, Ohio. Rose's statement is as follows: "About 10 p. m. August 7, 1923, while listening to my wife Mrs. Jane Rose, speaking from a public platform, I noticed a group of police in uniform jump from automobiles. They surrounded Mrs. Rose and myself and told us we were under arrest. We then

were ushered by the police to a waiting automobile and whisked away to a lonely country road about 23 miles out of Toledo with two more of the kidnapping motors following. We then stopped and I was taken out of the car, a noose was put around my neck, the loose end being swung around the limb of a tree. They proceeded to lift me off the ground by tugging at the loose end of the rope and then letting me down again."

One of the first victims of cossack brutality for 1925 is Michael Kraynick, killed at Pittsburgh, Pa., in his own home, by the police. This murder was committed February 22, 1925. The cossack who killed this worker is Teofil Cavaleski. Reverend Charles P. Irwin of the Wilmerding Presbyterian Church praised the cossack for this murder. He mentioned the courage of the man in doing his duty. A silver loving cup was presented to the cossack by the preacher. The police have fought the battles of the capitalist class; they have clubbed and killed workers; they have served as strikebreakers for the masters; they have invaded homes, brutally handled women and children for no reason other than that the workers asked better living conditions. And to make their work more effective the police have been the chief agents in the suppression of free speech and peaceful assemblage.

#### U. S. Commission Report

By way of proof of this charge we submit a portion of the report of the Industrial Relations Commission regarding police brutalities: "One of the greatest sources of social unrest and bitterness has been the attitude of the police toward public speaking. On numerous occasions in every part of the country the police of cities and towns have, either arbitrarily or under the cloak of a traffic ordinance, interfered with or prohibited public speaking, both in the open and in halls, by persons connected with organizations of which the police or those from whom they receive their orders, did not approve. In many instances such interference has been carried out with a degree of brutality which would be incredible if it were not vouched for by reliable witnesses. Bloody riots frequently have accompanied such interference, and large numbers of persons have been arrested for acts of which they were innocent or which were committed under the extreme provocation of brutal treatment by police or private citizens.

"In some cases the suppression of free speech seems to have been the result of sheer brutality and wanton mischief, but in the majority of the cases it is undoubtedly the result of a belief by the police or their superiors that they were 'supporting or defending the government' by such invasion of personal rights. There could be no greater error. Such action strikes at the very foundation of government. It is axiomatic that a government which can be maintained only by suppression of criticism should not be maintained. Furthermore, it is the lesson of history

(Continued on Page Forty-Three.)

# Three Word Pictures

By A Member of Butte Branch M. M. W. I. U. No. 210

## PREPAREDNESS

**T**HE scene is main street. Flags floating. The strains of "America" wafted on the breeze. A brass band comes down the street followed by a troupe of marching conscripts, one and all more or less under the influence of drugs or liquor to keep up their spirits.

Sidewalks are lined with sobbing mothers, proud tear-stained sisters, sweethearts.

In the foreground is the usual well dressed, well fed "Parasite".

The lines halt for a moment, he steps forward, grasps the hand of one, slaps another on the back, with the words, "Good-bye, Lad, God knows I envy you. Wish I was your age. If I were ten years younger—say! — nothing on earth would keep me from going over. The chance to fight for my country, the honor of Old Glory.—Never mind, we'll keep the home fires burning, and when you return . . ." For one instant through the daze of drug and whiskey the rebel spirit flares, the conscript clinches his hand, curses him, "You hypocrite!" They march on.

## WAR

The scenes change. It is a trench, half filled with mud and water, cursing, desperate, half-crazed men. In front a steady rain of shot and shell. Behind them the knowledge that retreat is cut off by the

sure aim of their superior officers, stationed at a safe distance in the rear.

Out upon the open, hundreds, thousands of bullet-riddled mangled forms. Sightless glassy eyes turned to heaven. Intermingled heaps of dead and dying. Cries, groans fill the air.

Slowly the sun goes down in a flare of red. The whirr of circling buzzard wings is overhead.

## AN AFTERMATH

Another day dawns. Armistice. Home again. We see him cold, hungry, penniless as timidly he—BEGS for a chance to BEG for a job—.

Off in the distance another. In mud-stained, faded uniform. Once again as of yore, above the cruel memory of it all the rebel spirit flares, as fiercely, defiantly he whirls on the river bank and faces the horde.

The close of day, darkness shrouds a mutilated, blood-soaked corpse on the prison floor.

## NIGHT

The bright lights flare. . . .

"The cymbals crash, the dancers walk,  
With long silk stockings, and arms of chalk—  
Butterfly skirts, and white breasts bare,  
And shadows of dead men watching 'em there:  
Shadows of dead men stand by the wall  
Watching the fun at THE VICTORY BALL."

# A Story of the White Navy\*

## HOW A PROUD NAVAL OFFICER WAS BROUGHT TO TERMS BY A PASSIVE STRIKE

By SAM MURRAY

FEW men have had the satisfaction of participating in a strike aboard an American warship, so I consider the incident and circumstances leading up to it of sufficient interest to justify its being submitted to the readers of the Pioneer. Particularly when we consider that it took place over thirty years ago among a bunch of men, practically none of whom had any organization experience and it is a verification, to a large extent, of the statement I have often heard Fellow Worker George Speed make that the workers, in a crisis, will instinctively act intelligently and right if not misled by designing leaders.

It is also well to note that the men in the navy at that time were raked up from the waterfronts of the world and were supposed to be just what "Fatty Bill" Taft meant when in Japan, about 25 years ago, he was pleased to refer to us as the scum of the earth. However, I am inclined to believe that we were fully equal in character and intelligence to the men who are being lured into the service through a scientific system of advertising among the graduates of the Sunday school classes of inland small towns, for Mrs. Babbitt's former hired girl would be scandalized to learn what the navy is doing to her little Willie in some of our naval centers in these days of bootleggers and dope rings. The most noted characteristic of the product of American country districts is the facility with which he exchanges his cow ranch psychology for the vices and customs of a new environment.

It was during Cleveland's second administration. I was a member of the crew of the cruiser San Francisco. Our captain was J. C. Watson, who boasted of being the person who when a midshipman on the Hartford had lashed Farragut to the rigging in Mobile Bay. Better known among us, however, as Granny Watson, and on account of his habit of racing around with his long nose stuck abnormally forward, sometimes referred to as Nancy Hanks, the name of the champion trotting mare of that time.

Captain Watson was a familiar combination of a strict and ruthless disciplinarian and religious fanatic. When we had no chaplain aboard he would take it upon himself to conduct religious services each Sunday morning on the forward berth deck compelling all apprentices to attend; the men being granted religious freedom in the navy he could not force their attendance. Now, a naval summary court martial is made up of the officers of a ship, and since they are the subordinates of the captain ordering the court, they are merely a camouflaged committee for the carrying out of his wishes in the matter of soaking a bluejacket a little harder than he can do himself at his daily court called

"The Mast," where he is judge, jury and executioner, but his soaking power is limited to ten days' double irons. For this reason the relative severity of the sentences is indicative of the character of the captain in command, and wherever Watson was in command the severity of the jolts was noticeable. He would say: "I am sorry to punish you, but you know I have to do my duty, for if I don't do my duty God will punish me." Then he would order you before a court martial, and the jolt you would get would be a fair measure of the desire of the captain to escape the wrath of God by handing it to you. Outside of administering minor punishments and ordering courts martial the captain had little to do with the men, and although they hated the captain, the "Frisco" was a pretty good ship and the men were fairly well satisfied.

In the fall of 1893 we were made flagship of the North Atlantic squadron and ordered for a winter's cruise in the West Indies. When about one-third of our schedule was finished we were abruptly ordered to proceed to Rio de Janiero. Something seemed to be happening to American interests down there. A few years previous to this Brazil had disposed of her emperor and now—the usual fate of new republics—a rebellion was raging. Of course we were only sent there to take observations and insure an even break so long as the affair promised to turn out in a way favorable to us. In this particular case it seemed as though the triumph of democracy and civilization was in the direction of the defeat of the rebels.

We of the crew were told that the rebels were trying to re-establish that terrible thing in the eyes of the 100 per cent American, the monarchy, and there was probably some truth in it, for Portugal was harboring the deposed monarch and seemed to be anxious to unload him back on the Brazilians.

We found the rebels in possession of one fort and the fleet in the harbor, while the government had the rest of the forts and the towns. When one morning the rebel flagship tried to stop an American ship from landing an objectionable cargo we cleared for action and by a hostile gesture showed them that we would not tolerate any interference with American trade. Most European coun-

\* Prior to 1898 the steel ships of the U. S. Navy were painted white.

tries had recognized the rebels, but America had not, so they were outlaws to us. Our warlike move seemed to discourage them somewhat, and besides trouble was brewing for them in the north. The Morgan line had succeeded in unloading one of their rotten ships called the El Sid onto the Brazilian government, and she had been fitted with a large dynamite tube, and with a crew of beach combers from the Bowery and Park Row, was heading for Rio. So one fine morning the "Nictheroy," as she had been renamed, came steaming into the harbor, her big dynamite tube sticking out over her forecastle head and looking, with the aid of a little imagination, like a volcano about to erupt.

However, the rebels had evidently been informed, for we had noticed that morning when we first turned out, that the harbor was full of floating small boats in which the rebels had made their escape to the Portuguese warships and other friendly craft. We were thus robbed of the means of solving the problem that had been under discussion as to whether she would be more dangerous to the rebels or the crew of human derelicts who were forced by their poverty to accept any kind of employment even to that of an experiment with dynamite. This did not end the career of the El Sid, for in 1898 when the Oregon arrived in Rio we were delegated to convey her home under the name of the "Buffalo" for someone had induced the U. S. government to buy the old can, but she wouldn't hold together, and as we were in danger of meeting the Spanish fleet, we dropped her in the first harbor we came to. They managed to get her fixed up, and she later appeared as a part of the auxiliary navy acquired during the Spanish war.

But to return to the Frisco. We had been forced to lay in Rio harbor for four months several miles from the town and nothing to do in our spare time but watch the ships and forts pepper away at one another. The town was full of yellow fever and we were allowed nothing from shore, so, like so many prisoners, we were penned up on our ships subsisting on the immeasurably vile rations that they were serving at that time. Then, one day, soon after the arrival of the Nictheroy, Admiral Benham transferred his flag to the New York and we were ordered home. We were all happy. We were expecting to arrive in New York just about the time that spring was opening up with our pockets bulging with the gold that they had been serving us regularly, with no means of spending it but for the few articles purchasable aboard.

However, we were to meet up with a disappointment. When we arrived at the island of St. Lucia we were given shore leave while the native women coaled our ships. When all our coal was aboard the marines and master-at-arms were sent ashore to round up all the drunks who had failed to show up and we were at once ordered to Bluefields, Nicaragua.

There was a tribe of Indians in Nicaragua called

the Mosquitos. They had a chief who gloried in the Anglo-Saxon name of Clarence, and it also appears that Clarence, in addition to his attractive name, was in possession of other things dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart, among which was some very valuable mahogany timber which was being exploited by English and American capital. Some years previous to this the British and American governments, backed up by their navies, had made friendly overtures to the Nicaraguan government to the effect that Clarence was to be given an autonomous government. To insure that this government be stable, which in this case meant stables for the Indians and mahogany for the Anglo-Saxons, a protectorate was to be established by the three governments. The crisis that occasioned our hurried visit at this time was that Clarence had become involved in a quarrel with the small republic which was threatening his mahogany throne. I do not remember that we noted any inconsistency about bluffing the Brazilian rebels out of existence because they were supposed to be monarchist and immediately proceeding to Nicaragua to protect a monarchy against a republic; but, of course, it will be remembered that consistency is not an important part of the make-up of the American scissorbill.

We lay for several months in the open roadstead, far off the bluff that hid the town from our view, and owing to the great panic that was on we received no money while there, but were informed that the exchequer had been exhausted for the fiscal year and that no money would be served before July first. We had been given "liberty" in Bluefields and the "bomboat" had visited us every day with "bellywash" and bananas, which supplemented our ration of "slunk beef" and beans but exhausted our savings from Rio. So when in June (1894) we were relieved by the Marblehead and sailed for New York, we were mostly broke. However, as our money was piling up on the books, we expected to have plenty when we arrived in New York. Finally, early in July, we were again tied up at the Cob dock in Brooklyn Navy Yard and as the new fiscal year had begun we expected our money. We also learned that we were to take the New York Naval Reserves out for a practice cruise. This meant that all the crew but the engineer's force and a skeleton crew of the deck force was to be transferred to the guardo until we returned. Now to those of us who had to stay by the ship the prospects of having to make another trip to sea after eight months in the tropics and two weeks alongside the dock without money enough to "make a liberty" it looked rather raw for the rest, who must remain on the guardo, with nothing to do but gas a lot of rookies for two weeks it was worse.

To make matters still worse we were tipped off by the "underground" that the money had arrived and was in the paymaster's safe. On several occasions, as was the naval custom in case of grievance, we had prevailed upon the petty officers to go to the

mast and request money, and each time the answer of the captain was "tomorrow."

At last the loaded coal barges were alongside and it began to look as though our skipper had concluded that it was his Christian duty to keep us broke and away from the Bowery until after the practice cruise. By this time all hands were extremely sore, but had anyone taken the initiative in any kind of a definite protest he would have, no doubt, spent the next few years in the "brick frigate" in Boston Navy Yard.

Finally all was ready to coal and the petty officers had again been to the "mast" and they had been told that the money would be served out as soon as the ship was coaled, but the men said: "When the ship is coaled they will transfer us to the guardo and take on the reserves, and there we'll be."

To refuse meant, probably, three years, and none relished the idea of three years in the brick frigate on top of eight months in the tropics with the paymaster's safe full of their money and the Bowery only a few blocks away. That night everyone spoke low and serious, and everybody said the same thing: "We are damn fools if we coal ship tomorrow—but of course we can't refuse." "They will get a hell of a lot of coal aboard tomorrow," etc.

The next morning the shrill notes of the Boat-swain's mate's pipes were heard, followed by the "word," "All hands coal ship." The men went to their stations in the barges. Immediately the shovels began to rattle and a cloud of coal dust rose from the barges that kept the officers out of sight. The flag of the Brazilian rebels had been white, so someone got a white piece of cloth and made it fast to a squeegee handle and stuck it up in the stern of a barge and soon the barge on the other side took the cue. The Frisco was fitted with coaling ports that led to the berth deck through which baskets were passed to men on the inside who dumped them down the chutes. The shovels kept going; a few lumps of coal would find their way into a basket and it would be passed to the men on the stage by the coaling port but one of the men would accidentally have his foot in the way and in their hurry to get the ship coaled they would let go and the basket would land bottom-up in the barge. Occasionally they would succeed in getting a basket inside, but the anxious men on the berth deck would neglect to dump it before returning it to the barge. The coal passers, whose duty it was to stow the bunkers, lay around the berth deck while the sailors kidded them about the good time they would have on the Bowery while the poor underground savages were floundering around outside with a cargo of seasick naval reserves.

Hour by hour the day passed. The officer of the deck would go to the side and look down into the barge. Everybody was black with coal dust; shovels were ringing and baskets were passing to and fro. Everybody was working but no coal seemed to be getting out of the barge. Then he would take a squint at the stern where the rebel flag was

proudly floating from the squeegee handle and go and report to the executive officer who would report to the captain. What they said is a mystery. Some time after the men had been piped to work in the afternoon, the boatswain's mate's pipe was heard and the men paused for the word. It was: "You will get your money as soon as the ship is coaled. Go ahead with the coaling!" Wow-oo-oo! came two hundred and fifty voices from the rebel barges. The shovels began to rattle with the same result as before, and again, in time, came the officer to the side to take a look at the men "at work" in the barges, and again he would report to his superior who would report to the sanctimonious captain. Finally towards evening the pipes were again heard, and when the men paused for the word it was: "Go below to the pay office, all the marines, and draw your monthly money! Go ahead with the coaling!" "Wow-oo-oo!" came the voices from the barges.

Now it had been the custom to pay by divisions the first four divisions being composed of the men in the barges usually came first, but evidently the Lord had inspired the captain to reverse the order of procedure and begin with the marines. Then came the word for the engineer's and powder divisions followed with the command, now beginning to sound like a request, to go ahead with the coaling. However, the men were beginning to see victory in sight and were determined not to let the old man put anything over on them. One by one, the fourth, third, second and first divisions were called in from the barges and paid. However, the strike was kept up each division as it returned from the pay office keeping up the farcical coaling until every last man jack of the first division was paid. In the meantime quitting time arrived and the coaling ceased for the day.

We had a main boiler under bank fires to furnish auxiliary steam which was probably burning less than a ton of coal a day. That evening I was ordered by the machinist on watch to go down and get out enough coal for the fireman, and there wasn't enough coal in the main bunkers, where 250 men were supposed to be dumping coal all day, so I had to go into the reserve bunkers and get some of the coal left over from the last trip. However, the next morning when the word was passed the men jumped into the barges with a cheer and the ship was coaled in an unusually short time.

Some of the officers were "sore" and afterwards showed their spite in petty ways that befit an "officer and a gentleman," but a spirit of good fellowship was abroad among the men. Even the old shellbacks who were wont to sigh for the return of the "good old days" of wooden ships and iron men in place of these days of "iron ships and wooden men" admitted that the gang of young fellows had some of the spirit of the good old times after all.

Captain Watson's sea service having expired, he left the ship shortly afterward one of the most

humiliated officers that ever crossed the gangway of a man-o'-war.

Four years later a brutal Spanish general ordered the Spanish fleet to make a dash out of the harbor of Santiago into what was virtually the jaws of death. Thus took place the naval battle of the third of July, 1898, the truth of which so far as I know has never been really told. A carnival of bloodshed and horror where 360 Spanish sailors were torn to pieces by our shell fire, or smothered and baked to death in the water-tight compartments of their burning vessels, and twice as many maimed. Our secretary of the navy called July third a red-letter day for the American navy

—red is right. After this slaughterfest the Oregon was ordered to join Watson's squadron for a proposed raid on the Spanish coast, and as I saw him come aboard one day all rigged out in the regalia of an admiral I wondered what he considered his Christian duty to do to the rest of the Spanish navy that was left after the two disastrous battles of Santiago and Manila. But the signing of the protocol stopped it all and soon we were again bound for New York where, this time, four million patriots were waiting to shower the scum of the earth with praises and lager beer, and then forgot us until we were needed for another slaughterfest. For such is the glory of war.

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## New Schools for New Workers

By COVINGTON AMI

LABOR is more vitally interested in free and scientific education than is any other class in modern society: all its will to emancipation, all its power to achieve it rests finally on education for workers, by workers, of workers. All class struggles are in their last analysis struggles to control education—always the ruling and profiting classes have sought to train the subject classes to accept the existing order and their subjection as part of the "God ordained" and "natural order of things," which, no matter how bitter the exploitation and degradation of the subjected might be, it was "unpatriotic" to question, "blasphemous" to deny, and "treasonable" to resist—always, on the other hand, the militant minority to which the sufferings of the subjected must always and inevitably give birth, has desperately sought to counteract and overcome this propaganda by pointing out the truth, by educating its class to the actual facts on which its subjection rested, have boldly questioned, denied and resisted the "divinely established order of slavery" in all its realms—economic, spiritual and social—and, in the end, the militant minority has won, the old order has gone down, and a new heaven and a new earth has come into being.

Although all history bears witness to this truth, it was only very recently that American labor again awakened to the menace to its interests involved in the present handling of this great necessity of life—education—and began to give it more than apathetic attention. It was satisfied to rest on the victories of the past and to hold fast to its naive belief that the "little red schoolhouse," which its militants of yesterday had done so much to establish, was a sacred institution out of which only good could come.

This attitude of labor toward education was undoubtedly due in great part to the fact that the change from an economic, social and political system based on individualistic business and agriculture to one based on a gigantic trustified, collectivistic system of industry and commerce had been so rapid in this country—the masses of the people had been so rapidly and insidiously expropriated of property, skill and economic freedom, they hardly knew what was happening and so did not have time to readjust

their thinking to the new conditions confronting them in the new order. They, the masses, and especially the wage workers and working farmers, though the order in which they had been born had been swept from the earth forever, were still taught and still continued to believe that the facts and theories they had learned in the schools of yesterday were still gospel and still applied with equal truth and full force to the new dispensation, whereunder their labor power was socialized, not for themselves and theirs, but as part of the machinery of production, distribution and finance by which the Morgans, Fords and Rockefellers sapped the foundations of republics, brought kingdoms begging to their feet, ruined empires and filled the world with blood and tears and famine.

But as "Triumphant Democracy," as Andrew Carnegie hailed the triumph of his class over the American people, gained power and extended its dominion over first one domain of our life and then an-

other, militant workers, as was inevitable, began to point out the crimes it was committing in the name of education and to demand that labor take action to save its children from being robotized by and for the plutocracy. They, the "rebels," demanded the establishment of a system of education for workers that would turn out of the schools men and women capable of thinking and acting for themselves and of rendering leadership service to their fellow workers instead of, as now, merely expertly trained animals to be used en masse and unprotestingly for the pleasure and profit of the leisured few.

This, of course, was "heresy" and, at first, American labor looked askance at the new schools, shaking its head and making doleful prophecies; for today American labor is inclined, due again to miseducation, to look on all heresies, especially economic and social heresies, with displeasure and disfavor. But as "Triumphant Democracy" became bolder and bolder in its assaults on the workers and farmers and their institutions and in its encroachments on and denial of the toilers' rights, more and more men and women came to see the vital importance of education for, of and by the workers and, then, that which was but yesterday a vague dream took on the form of definite reality.

#### The New Schools Rise

Under the pressure of necessity and the urgings of the rebels, groups of devoted workers began, first here and then there, to establish schools dedicated to education for workers and experiment in creating a new system of teaching, one based on scientific principles, better fitted to the age in which we live, and more efficient, therefore, in promoting the economic welfare and cultural interests of the workers. Many of these schools were launched, and many died a quick and painful death; but enough of them struggled through to victory to prove that the idea back of them was sound to the core.

Among the schools to come through its experimental stage and survive was one of the first labor colleges to be established under the new urge—the great I. W. W. college at Duluth, Minnesota, called the Work Peoples College. When this great school was first established only a few short years ago the "wise ones" shook their heads and laughed to scorn the idea of a "bunch of hoboes" showing the world a new and better way to education, though this same "bunch of hoboes" had already and often shown the world the utter falseness of the popular creed which declares that "Whatever is is right."

But this great school and others won through to victory and service, and this gave other rebel bands hope and courage, and still other schools sprang up to help carry on and forward the splendid work of education for workers.

#### Commonwealth College

Among these new schools is Commonwealth College, which is devoted to higher education for workers. This school was established two years ago at New Llano, Louisiana, by Professor William E. Zeuch, a noted educator who has taught in several of the largest universities of the country, and Kate Richards O'Hare, aided by an able and loyal group of teachers long known for devoted service to the farmer-labor movement. Now, in its third year, it is located near the town of Mena, Arkansas, close to the Oklahoma border, on its own 80-acre farm. The site is not only one of the most beautiful and healthful in the land, situated as it is with the famed Ozark mountains towering all around it, but was chosen with an eye to its agricultural and water-power possibilities, it being the purpose that the college community shall maintain itself while giving and receiving education.

Commonwealth is founded on two fundamental ideas: first, "To develop in its students power for leadership service to their fellow workers when they leave its halls and go out to take their places on the battlelines of life." Secondly, "To demonstrate the practicability of placing higher education for workers on a basis of **Self-Maintenance**, by which last is meant that each teacher and student at Commonwealth, outside his or her academic work, performs four hours labor daily, on the farms, in the workshops, or at communal services, in exchange for which they receive food, shelter and laundry. The only fee charged students is one of tuition, \$50 per semester payable at the beginning of each semester, the first of which begins on September 21, 1925, and the second on January 4, 1926; the academic year being of 30 weeks, divided into two semesters of 15 weeks' duration each."

The college is not a "trade" or "industrial" school; neither is it a propaganda institution. It sponsors no particular religious, economic or political creed or dogma and, while it is open-minded to all "heresies," it is partial to none. It seeks always to put in the grasp of its students demonstrated facts and to develop in them the scientific attitude which challenges an unthinking acceptance of ideas and things as they are. Its study courses cover economics, sociology, history, labor history and problems, and other social sciences, psychology, philosophy, literature, journalism, French, German, Spanish and Esperanto. Commonwealth is not competitive toward the other labor schools but supplementary to them, for only students having a secondary school education or its equivalent will be admitted to its collegiate department, which covers three 30-week years of study.

It is a fascinating experiment and if it can get the support I believe it fully deserves on its past record, Commonwealth should render invaluable service to the new labor schools and the class they are educating to administer the New Society.



# A Tale of Three Cities

By P. J. WELINDER



A PART OF NEW YORK'S MONUMENTAL SKYLINE TO GLORIFY THE MODERN PHARAOHS OF CAPITALISM

## New York

**W**ONDERFUL New York! The second biggest city in the world, the richest city in the world, the most magnificent city in the world, the city harboring within its boundaries the most poverty, crime, prostitution, vice, degeneration and heartless exploitation of all the cities in the world—New York, the crown of capitalist civilization.

Way up at the end of Central Park is the biggest museum in the world (I suppose it is the biggest in the world as nothing less goes in New York), down at the waterfront on the same Manhattan Island is the biggest mausoleum in the world. (About this latter part there is absolutely no doubt.) Up in the museum we view, in particular, the great Egyptian exposition, the old stone carvings, its sarcophagi and mummies of some 4,000 years of age or more. Down in the Wall Street and lower Broadway district one is reminded of the fact that the world changes aspect all right, but changes very slowly.

Take a stroll through the financial district of New York early on a Sunday morning, visit Wall Street, Broadway, Bowling Green and down to the Ferry Station and Battery Place from where one can see the Statue of Liberty; recall to your mind the picture of ancient Egypt, presented to you at the museum, and then make your comparisons. Do not the pictures resemble each other almost to the minute? Of course, this new one, the New York of today, is not quite finished yet, but that is only a matter of time. The outline is there so visible that only the blind can fail to see it.

There stands the big pyramid right on Broadway. It is dedicated to the greatest exploiter of his time, King Woolworth. He is considered greatest because he was the first one who proved successfully that pyramids of such gigantic size could be built exclusively with the labor of women and children, and practically without the assistance of male slaves. Then there is the Equitable building, biggest in the world, not quite the tallest, harboring a population of more than 60,000 people, none of whom perform a single really necessary function in society. It is the mammoth hive for drones, parasites—

the big parasites exploiting the small ones and the small ones sucking the life blood out of the toilers. The Sphinx in this modern stone oasis is named "Singer." From his towering height he is looking out over the world to behold the glorious sight of the millions of men and women who have been "Sphinxified" through the mind-killing process of his sewing machines.

Down on Wall Street we find the greatest of all the capitalist Pharaohs laboring hard to perfect the biggest mausoleum of all ages. He already has his sarcophagus ready; a big stone coffin with walls several feet in diameter and with heavy bars through the opening holes. Hundreds of slaves are working within the very wall of the coffin every day, and millions are working outside of it, preparing not only one but many huge pyramids of stone and steel, that will remind future generations of the similarity between man and the corals, insofar as both are working with all their might towards petrifying themselves. The Morgan monuments will live through the ages as a constant reminder to future generations of the curse of capitalism and the foolishness of our age. At the rate the building of the

Morgan pyramids progresses, we will soon see this, the last of the "big" Pharaohs, placed in his last resting place, never to be digged up again.

As a totally lost stranger in these surroundings we find the old Trinity Church. Does it not look like an Egyptian mummy who has strolled out of his stone coffin and is trying to orient himself, find out what is going on and when they all are going to a final rest? Surely, it will soon be laid to rest with all the other mummies strolling around between the pyramids.

Out in the harbor stands the Statue of Liberty, proudly announcing to the whole world that here you will find unbounded liberties in exploiting your fellow man, that you are perfectly at liberty to convert as much human flesh and blood into some pyramids for your own self-gratification and glorification as your power permits you; that no restraints based upon humane motives are to be found here that hinder you in the game of Exploit. You, as an exploiter, have all the liberties in the world; **the greatest liberties in the world.**

Thus six million men and women are busily engaged day and night in the city of New York piling up stone, to make stone monuments out of themselves, just as the slaves and their owners in ancient Egypt were doing 4,000 years ago. And just as the Egyptians of the past have left nothing behind them except some stone monuments that prove to us the stupidity and the folly of the age,

so shall the present capitalist madness, petrified on lower Manhattan Island, for generations to come bear witness and warning from a time when man had no higher ambition in life than to attempt to immortalize himself in a slab of granite or marble.

Down about 1,000 feet from the Morgan sarcophagus on the same trail, called Broad Street, we find another type, the Israelites of the age, the ones who refuse to be petrified, but who insist upon a full life for themselves. They are the sons of the sea, rebels whose demands on life place them in constant conflict with the pyramid builders. These rebels are building other monuments, monuments to life and not to death; monuments in the form of a healthy and strong human race that will devote itself to the art of living and living well, and not to the art of glorifying the dead.

On the mighty oceans they are fighting their life's battle. Sweating down in the stokeholes, while the pharaohs and their tribe are lying lazily in their staterooms or in the lavishly decorated salons listening to the descriptions of the glory and grandeur of the sea that are being recited to them these rebels (their own mentality being incapable of grasping the great and the beautiful, it can only understand stone) are perfecting that instrument—their industrial union—whereby the wonders of the world and the greatness of the world will be equally accessible to all. When that day comes the Stone Age shall have finally passed away, never to return again.

## Philadelphia

"City of Brotherly Love." Sure, "brotherly." The first, and the only city I have seen where the policemen are carrying guns in plain sight and belts with ammunition. Looks "brotherly," does it not?

It is the city with a great history. In fact, nearly all the history of the U. S. A. is Philadelphia made. There is the Hall of Independence with its Liberty Bell; great bell, it finally cracked and since then we have had nothing but "cracked" liberties in this country, except for the exploiters. At any rate, the bell preserves the date when the accident happened, so we will know the date of Miss Liberty's death.

In the Hall of Independence we find, properly framed and decorated in the national colors, the Declaration of Independence. We also find our constitutional rights stated very plainly. "Congress shall make no law abrogating the right to free speech, etc.," is one of the commandments. What is more logical than right in this city, the only one so far encountered, where a man has to notify and secure from the "brotherly" chief of police a written permit to hold a meeting in the man's own hall? Other cities are satisfied with violating the constitutional provision with regard to meetings on the streets and in the parks, but Philadelphia has gone the limit. It is a true copy of old Tsarist Russia: permit to hold a meeting; bulls present at the meeting; not permitted to speak except what the bulls consider proper, etc., etc.; a very lengthy description

given by the gentleman issuing the permit in question.

In the Hall of Independence is also a small collection of art, about as poor as the city's conception of free speech. There are at least a dozen pictures of Washington, and a similar number of Lincoln, and a few relics from the bourgeois revolutionary age to keep company with the cracked Liberty Bell. But America has not yet learned the art of canonizing, of making national saints, although it has certainly developed the art of making commercial saints to a perfection. Just take a look at Washington.

George Washington, evidently, if we are to believe his biographers, was a rather temperamental kind of a man. The pictures we find of him in Philadelphia, and I believe, in all museums, indicate that he was a man immune to everything in his environment. Here we find him depicted at wedding parties, on some state affairs, Christmas celebrations, and several other celebrations, and no matter in what company we find him or what the occasion may be, we find the same expression on the man. What's the matter? Was he suffering from some kind of chronic stomach trouble? Were there no pills at that time that could relieve the patient?

And Abraham Lincoln; have you ever seen a portrait of that man where he is not shown with a face that seems to indicate that he just had notice served on him that his mortgage was foreclosed and he was

unable to meet the payment? Gosh! they must be very peculiar men, those great men. Just like the pictures we see of Jesus Christ. There are probably millions of them and wherever we see them the man looks like he was on the run bumming two bits for a flop.

No, Europe knows how to make national heroes—after they are dead, of course. Take Bror Cederstrom's picture "The Remains of Charles the Twelfth Carried Over the Boundary Line." All you see is a stretcher with a canvas covering something bulky underneath, supposed to be Charlie. But on the face of the soldiers carrying the burden you can read an expression that indicates their conception of the king. When you read that expression you can make your own hero to suit yourself, and sure enough, they have made a national hero of the worst fool that ever ruled a people, so big that it will never get room in a museum no matter what size. But America cannot succeed in that line, she should confine herself exclusively to making money and building stone monuments; the biggest in the world.

Every little alley in Philadelphia is "historic." There are name plates and engravings everywhere. Nothing can be touched as it has "historic" value. As a result there are many slums and streets that have not been swept since the revolutionary war on account of the historic value of the dust. Here the children of the working class are having a happy

time, breathing the germs and dust of American history.

Historic as the city really is, so are the conditions under which its workers are living and working. The hours in the factories in Philadelphia are about the same today as in the days of Benjamin Franklin, so also are the sanitary conditions, and the purchasing power returns for their labor. As the rent and the cost of living has been quite modernized—these items being the exceptions that prove the general rule of conservatism in Philadelphia—it is rather hard for the disciples of old Ben Franklin to practice his gospel of saving. The banks, however, are preaching his gospel zealously, for whatever benefit it may have—for the banks.

The workers down on the waterfront, who once were well organized, and as a result, modernized, are again lining up with an object in view of moving straight into 20th Century life. They are tired of living in the revolutionary age with their mental and physical slavery. But outside of the workers on the waterfront there is no attempt being made on the part of the workers themselves to crawl out of the 18th Century. Long hours, short pay, starvation, dirt and filth, revolutionary traditions of liberty and plenty, and a presence of tyranny and starvation constitute the life of the major part of the two million slaves in Philadelphia and its immediate vicinity.

## Boston

America's Hellas, lots of learning, universities, schools, colleges, freaks and philosophers galore. A tradition of liberty not so far back in history caused some of its inhabitants to make a protest against the chief of police inclination towards censorship a la Philadelphia. Recently a big protest meeting was held against the chief because he had prevented the delivery of a lecture on birth control, and the chief had to consent to the very "immoral" and "sinful" act of lecturing on such a subject.

The main industry in Boston is raising kids. They are not exactly "raised," but they are at least produced. In every alley one finds hundreds of them crawling in the dirt. Evidently the department of sanitation in Boston, if there is such a department, has got the terms "birth control" and "dirt control" mixed. Both of them must be sinful in Boston, there is no control on either. Garbage is dumped in the alleys and if it is not dumped the cans stand for many days until one of the scavengers comes around and "dumps" them. He is supposed to dump them in a wagon, which he also does, but usually the wagon gets filled in the first alley, or the first twenty feet, so from then onward it is just dumping the garbage cans on the top of the load and letting the refuse fall down on the ground again. Result: dirt and garbage piled up, millions or billions of flies; germs—there must be barrels of them—and thousands of kids to "play" there. It sure is sanitation.

Organization among the workers is here, as in

New York and Philadelphia, taboo. All the three cities are alike. There is a vast amount of philosophy and talk, but no action. The only ones who make any attempt to get away from the gutters are the workers in the marine transport industry. In all the other industries one meets with nothing but apathy and despair.

Politics and politicians have killed all the initiative and all the energy once in action in this part of the country. The politician is like a leper, everything he touches will be infected, rot away and die. Every time the workers in a plant or on a job begin to organize, talk organization, or consider action of any kind, at once the politician is there with his advice and his offer of "Let me do it, I know how." With talk about internationals, that are no more related to the working class movement than is the man in the moon, as being the ones to solve the problem in the shoe shop in Boston, or on a little paving job in Dorchester, or for the employes on the subways in New York, these workers are constantly brought to a point where they sit down and wait for Mr. International to come and do it for them.

Everywhere there is a strong sentiment for organization; industrial organization. It could be done, and would have been accomplished already, were it not for the fact that the philosophers and the politicians have so successfully imbued the masses with the idea of waiting for someone to come and do it for them, that now the workers are waiting for Mr.

Industrial Unionism to come and liberate them. Always waiting for someone else to do it for them. Our fight in the eastern part of the United States, and in the real industrial centers, is not so much with the boss—we always have to fight him and know how to fight; neither is it with the apathetic mass of the workers—we have them everywhere and they always follow the crowd; but it is with the politician, the so-called revolutionary politician. To him an intelligent and active working class is poison, it will leave him with nothing else to do then but to work like other human beings. It will deprive him of "leadership" as the masses become their own leaders.

The main task confronting us is to get the masses to understand the real meaning of the I. W. W.; make them see the necessity for them to act on their own initiative and not wait for some particular party to come around and act for them. It will be up to us to restore among the workers, if it is possible for us to do so, their confidence in themselves, and in themselves only. Once that is done, the battle is won. To do that we can expect to come in constant conflict with the politicians of all creeds. Shall we take up the battle with them or shall we fall for their bunk of being "revolutionary" and specialists on revolutions, etc., as we have done in the past? My trip through the eastern part of the country is enough to convince me of what course to take.

But many of these politicians, in fact the great majority of them, are sincere and honest in their belief, we are told. That's the hell of it. If they were not they would not fight so hard for their Moscow or their other oracles. The old woman who carried fuel to the stake where Huss was burned was also sincere, but that doesn't change the act. Many of the inquisitors of the medieval age were as sincere as sincerity goes. And just thanks to their sincerity did they become the very cruellest. So also here. Because the politician is sincere he will make so much greater impression and fool so many more. Because he is himself fooled completely, he is so much more valuable to those who will benefit by his acts. In our work we must abandon all sentimentality and all considerations for the individuals, whether they be honest or not in their belief, and push vigorously forward our propaganda.

Industrial Unionism is contrary to political action and to all action undertaken by any or all political parties, no matter what their name or their proclaimed tendencies are. The sooner we accept this and act accordingly, the better success will we make. To instill into the minds of the masses a firm belief in their own ability to organize themselves and eventually emancipate themselves, is the gospel of the I. W. W. Let us faithfully carry out this mission and we need not fear for the outcome.



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America is a land of magnificent distances. It is impossible for any single labor paper to represent all the diversified interests of the working class of the whole country.

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# Problems Confronting Labor

(CONTEST ARTICLE)

By COVINGTON AMI

WHO rules Serbia?" was a question put to a Serb who recently applied to a United States court for citizenship papers.

"The King," was the prompt reply.

"Who rules the United States?"

"The Superintendent," came the equally prompt but to the court surprising answer.

Needless to say the Serb's last answer, though truthful to the last degree, was unsatisfactory, and he was denied the right to become an American citizen.

But a greater man than this naive Serb has said the same thing, and here is the substance of what he said:

"The corporation is a new form of social organization that has already in many instances risen superior to and above the state."

So declared Woodrow Wilson in an article that appeared in a magazine of national circulation about three months before he was first nominated for the presidency.

This truth, that the corporation has already risen superior to the state, the great war president, like many others, clearly saw; but when it came to dealing with and solving the problems posed by the rise of the corporation to power, he, again like many others, fell back on the exploded idea that the state, if only "honest" politicians could be found and elected to administer it, could control the corporation and compel it to serve the welfare of "all the people." He tried it, and died a broken and a beaten man. The record of both his administrations, especially the second, proved beyond cavil the falsity of the idea—just as the seizure of political power by the Communists in Russia, the Socialists in Germany, the Fascists in Italy, the Laborites in England and the Nonpartisan League in North Dakota and Minnesota have disproved it, and this though the Communists in Russia were undoubtedly honest, in earnest, and sincere in their desire and effort to abolish capitalism. They all failed, and simply because they put the cart before the horse—the political before the economic—the shadow before the substance—the effect before the cause.

So far, here and elsewhere throughout the world, the capitalists have beaten back and down the revolutions of the workers and farmers, not because the capitalists were wiser and abler than the proletarians and agrarians, but because they, the capitalists, saw to it, that, come what would, **the control of the corporation, that is to say, the control of industry and agriculture, remained in their hands.** Never have they suffered the politician really to interfere with this control. In the Americas, in Europe, Asia and Africa, and on the Seven Seas, it was through making themselves masters of the corporation, of the "new form of social organization," that the capitalist class has been able to assume the dictatorship of the world.

Never since its birth has the fundamental principle on which the I. W. W. rests been so conclusively proven correct than in the events arising out of and following the World War, for the events show one long, unbroken record of the triumph of the industrial over the political, of the corporation over the state. It was because it rested foursquare on the law of economic determinism that the I. W. W. was not totally wiped out of existence by the onslaughts made on it from all directions before, during and since the world war. It will be by standing foursquare on this principle that it will finally achieve victory over all its opponents and win the real emancipation of the working class.

## The Proof

"The eating of the pudding is the proof thereof," so runs the ancient proverb. Then let us see what proof there is, in our time as well as in Marx's that the economic is the final determining factor in the evolution of human society.

To all save the simple-minded, it is clear today that the world war originated in capitalist economics, arose out of capitalist economics, and was fought from start to finish on economic issues. All the "peace" treaties signed prove this; for all, without exception, deal solely and only with the economic "right" of the capitalist class to exploit the workers and farmers of the world. Even where superficially and on their face the treaties seem to deny this assertion, the actual facts in the case will prove it true; for it can be clearly seen today that the "Great Powers" of capitalism did not set up Finland, Poland, Latvia, Estonia, Checko-Slovakia and the rest of the chickenfeed nations with which they have cursed Europe and Asia because of any abiding love the "Powers" had for "liberty, democracy and the right of self-determination," but solely, as they at the time thought, to secure them in their "right" to exploit the economic resources of Russia and other socalled "backward nations." Everywhere, in all the treaties it was industrial power that was aimed at, economic

monopoly, and not political freedom, for which the capitalists plunged the world into wholesale slaughter.

In their very first attacks on her, Russia's "allies" sought but three things: first, to seize all her ports and thus place her commerce at their mercy; second, to grab her oil fields, not for the United States and Britain, but for the Standard Oil and Dutch-Shell Oil companies; third, to expropriate her forests, mines and other natural resources from her people for their capitalists. Always in dealing with Russia the political representatives of the Anglo-American Plutocracy have insisted that she first "respect property rights" before they would talk "recognition" to her, and exactly the same attitude has been taken toward Mexico and all other nations that have dared to question in the slightest this "holy of holies" of capitalism; and correctly, for without the right of private property in the common means of life capitalism cannot exist.

Greater by far than the State is the mighty corporation. Witness it in the midst of war, with millions of fool German, French, British, American and other working and middle class "heroes" dying by divisions on the front—witness the corporation that controls the iron mines and steel mills of France and Germany "fixing" things so that their mines and mills were not fired on by either of the contending armies! Witness the German branch of that infamous corporation, the most infamous government the world has ever known, selling annually hundreds of thousands of tons of iron and steel to the "neutral nations," well knowing it was being shipped to England and France to be used for the slaughter of German soldiers, and this when the German army was short of munitions! Witness the French and German branches of the iron-steel-coal combine exchanging metals of which they were short with each other so that there would be no let-up in the slaughter and no decline in dividends. Everywhere, then as now, the corporation was "superior to and above the state." Throughout the war, and through all the persecutions of labor since then, the state has been nothing more nor less than the "common whore" of the corporation.

"Who rules the United States?"

"The SUPERINTENDENT!" Well and truly said, O, innocent son of Serbia!

As witness the cold fact that even in war, the most inefficient of all man's activities, the politician is an inefficient—the State is incapable of managing and directing industry of any kind, even the industry of murder. For it was not until the politician, that the state was pushed aside by the great corporation leaders, not until the "Captains of Industry and Finance" took over directly the management of "their" country, that the United States made any headway at all in fighting the world war. Graft as they did it still remains true that the United States was put in the war by the corporations and that the whole business was managed by industrial-

ists and not by politicians.

It was no accident that this thing happened here and throughout the world, either. It was merely added proof that the territorially organized, or political state, has to all intents and practical purposes been superseded by the industrial corporation as the government of nations.

In further proof of this contention, witness what is going on in Germany today under what is called the "Dawes Plan". Under this "plan" what is really happening but this—that the Corporation headed by the House of Morgan has literally taken away from the German State its railroads and all the rest of its property that is worth the owning?

What could be more ridiculous than the fact that the French and German steel, iron and coal magnates make treaties directly with each other and calmly ignore their "sovereign" governments and then to hear the politicians who make up these "sovereign" governments talking about "controlling" the masters of their grub and cash!

Look where you will throughout the earth, there is not a single instance where the corporation has not finally subjected the state to its will or crushed its congresses and parliaments. And all this the corporation has done because it IS THE NEW FORM of SOCIAL ORGANIZATION—it is through its conventions and boards of directors that the peoples are governed today, and not through the politically elected parliaments and congresses; and this is so because the men now elected to the legislatures no longer represent anything or anybody—they do not come to Washington, or London, or Paris, or Tokio with a mandate directly from the industries and agriculture and, so not coming, cannot in this day and age possibly administer sanely, however honest they may be, the affairs of society.

When one pauses to consider the manner in which the great industrial capitalists like Ford and Stinnes, for instance, have recently swept aside the political government, the utmost contempt with which they speak of it when not handing out hokum for the "dear people"; and not only that, but further observes their attitude toward the banks and bankers, one must be convinced that the real governing power in society is today vested in the corporation and not in the state; for had the state any real power to govern, or the politician any capacity to manage industry, the state would not so tamely submit to the contemptuous orders given it by the "Captains of Industry."

So far has the quiet assumption of governing power by the corporation gone that not many months ago a representative of the Dutch-Shell Oil Combine appeared in Washington with power to act for the British Empire and was there met by a Standard Oil representative with like power to act for this government; and both governments then did exactly what the two great Oil Empires agreed between themselves should be done. To behold such sights as these now being done openly before all men and then not know that the real government of the world has passed from political to industrial

hands is to confess one's self incapable of noting facts and drawing self-evident conclusions therefrom.

The truth is, the state is dying, whatever its seeming appearance of power may be, and the industrial corporation is rapidly taking unto itself the administration of all the affairs of society, social, political, spiritual, and economic as well. Hence the first great problem that today confronts the working class in its fight for better conditions and final emancipation is, or should be: **How it can control the corporation and so reorganize its administration as to make it serve the workers and farmers, the interests of the producers alone.**

### Industrial Democracy

This is the first, great problem of the workers today.

Their next great problem is to achieve international and inter-racial SOLIDARITY.

These two problems solved, all of the rest of the problems that will confront the workers in their passage from capitalism to socialism, from serfs to freemen, they will be able to settle almost automatically.

Hence the writer contends, and has always contended, that the I. W. W. was, is, and always will be right in laying all stress on the necessity of INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION as the first effort of the working class in its struggle to better its condition and revolutionize the system.

It is here, in this contention, that the I. W. W. has differed and still differs from all other organizations and parties: It, the I. W. W., **seeks first to control industry and through its industrial organizations to become the general administration of society.**

This being true, the I. W. W. has had the good or ill fortune to clash with the politicians of all parties; and this, so long as it continues to insist that the unions, the economic organizations, shall come first and ahead of all other endeavors of the workers, will be the fate of the I. W. W. until it is triumphant over all opposition, as it is written in the stars that it yet shall be.

Out of its insistence on the all-importance of the industrial organizations, out of its great preamble, came its creed of industrial democracy—came its insistence that the workers alone had the right to say how their lives should be governed. It was the

I. W. W. writers and speakers who first popularized the term "Industrial Democracy," and this they deliberately did in order clearly to distinguish the difference between the Industrial Commonwealth as conceived by the I. W. W. on the one hand and political democracy, state capitalism, state socialism, and state communism on the other.

To the true I. W. W. the workers are all in all and there is no other creator beside, and to him the industrial union is what the state is to others. And so, he seeks always to make the "One Big Union the Human Race," and to that end uses all other organizations and brings to bear the "might of folded arms" and all other force he can conjure with to achieve his end—a society of the workers, by the workers, and for the workers.

Not being able to conceive of this society as being organized outside of industry, or from the top down, the I. W. W. goes to work building up the new society at the only point where the power of the workers is clearly manifest—at the point of production.

This being the case, he is at once at war with all the old order, social, religious, economic and political, and all this alone is sufficient to explain the bitter persecution of the industrialists and syndicalists by all the states of the world, including Russia; for the Industrial Commonwealth cannot arise without displacing everywhere the political states—Industrial Democracy cannot come into being and power—the working class cannot emancipate itself—without building up its own machinery of social administration and, today, its only hope of doing so is through the industrial unions, by which alone it can seize and administer sanely and efficiently the industries, in which we, the workers, live, move and have our being.

This, then, is the first great problem of the working class—how to organize industry and agriculture of, by, and for itself.

Second, how best to achieve international and inter-racial SOLIDARITY, without which its hope of final emancipation is vain.

Third, how to supplant the Industro-Financial Autocracies of today with an Industrial Democracy.

But all this the I. W. W. shall yet do.

"We shall batter down their prisons,

We shall set their chain-gangs free,

We shall drive them from the mountainside,

The valley, plain and sea!"

**CORRECTIONS:** On page 28, of the June issue of The Industrial Pioneer in Vern Smith's "Was Morgan Wrong?" a serious typographical error caused the first sentence of the first paragraph in the second column to read: "But this gentle sort of slavery, and ceremonial rather than remunerative type of nobility, is just the normal type of both institutions." It should have read: "But this gentle sort of slavery, and ceremonial rather than remunerative type of nobility, is just the normal type in the origin of both institutions." On page 38 of "Memoirs of a Modern Pirate" the word "discuss" in the last line, first column, should have been "dismiss."

# The Shadow of Jehovah

By WARREN LAMSON

WHEN I was a little boy, of six or thereabouts, my mother being dead, I was taken to live with an uncle and aunt. They resided in the slightly rolling country some forty miles east of Columbus, Ohio. The nearest railway station was six miles away. The postoffice, general store and small cluster of houses where we received our mail and purchased a few of our very few needs, was a mile and a half distant.

We had no money excepting the few pieces of silver and copper derived from the sale of poultry and eggs to the huckster, or from the sale of rags and old iron to an occasional wandering junk man. The huckster, whose wagon regularly passed on the road that ran a few yards from the farm house, drove a covered wagon. It was a house of wonders to us, containing many compartments filled with everything from candies and spices to figured bolts of calico. It is true that twice a year, when the hogs were fattened and sold or when the crop of timothy hay was cut, cured, bailed and hauled to the distant railway station, we had an evanescent sense of wealth; but when our yearly supply of clothes was bought and the interest upon the mortgage paid, nothing was left.

In spring the country was scented and beautiful with myriads of fruit trees in bloom and the sugar-sweet sap ran through the maple trees which we gathered and reduced to syrup.

In summer the bountiful land gave up a generous treasure from orchard, garden and farm. We children, the chores done, barefooted trudged the dusty road, romped through the orchards and dipped in the streams which traversed the land.

In fall, after school hours, we gathered the rich nuts with which the country abounded, and raked the wondrously colored leaves to make bonfires.

In winter we sometimes took our books home from school and studied by the fireside. We had marvelously illustrated geographies and hateful grammars and language books. There were histories which pictured our national heroes in thrilling poses. There was Washington, face resolutely set, crossing the Delaware. Arnold charging the British lines yards ahead of his troops; we all felt it a personal hurt that he had turned traitor. Phil Sheridan's return, where he hailed his retreating army crying, "We're going back, boys! We're going back!" was a picture over which we boys spent hours.

On holidays we trudged about the frozen snow-covered soil, applying our geographical knowledge to the hills and streams about, pointing out promontories and isthmuses here, and capes and plateaus there.

Our evenings were passed in reading the books of the school library and the few sentimental journals which reached us, "Comfort," "The Youths' Companion," etc. The school library, purchased with funds tortuously raised by giving ice cream socials, etc., consisted of some two hundred books. Won-

derful tales of heroism and self-sacrifice for patriotic causes, and in our young bosoms our hearts swelled with the spirit of emulation. Not one of us questioned. Not one of us but would have freely yielded our lives for our country's welfare. Of the great class conflict in the industrial world without we knew naught. The journals, usually sickly sentimental, were filled with tales of newsboys and boot-blacks who slept in dry goods boxes and huddled over bake oven grates for warmth.

Nearly every home housed an organ. These were manipulated to such tunes as "Poor Joe," "One Night in June," and "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"

The folk of the community were reasonably honest and industrious. They knew nothing of scarlet crimes of passion of the outside world, nor of the mean vices of the slums of our great cities. They were generous with their limited stores. All had economic security and were relatively independent. Yet a canker gnawed at the hearts of this placid community; their contentment and serenity was muffled by a loathesome spell.

On the farm adjoining my uncle's lived a childless couple, Hiram Eagle and his wife. This man was industrious, never meddled in his neighbor's business and, as I remember, was probably the most worthy citizen in the community; but he did not go to church.

Now the folk of this rural community were extremely devout, Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians. During certain times of the year some of these held camp-meetings in tents. Anyone passing these meetings not informed as to the nature of the gathering might well have supposed that he was in the vicinity of a perturbed animal show, or a low resort of drunken brawlers. This, of course, was only the devout shouting their praises and going through their yearly act of being saved, casting their plug tobacco away, and so on, all to the tune of a most discordant hallelujahing, groaning, moaning, amen-ing and shedding of tears.

Hiram Eagle never got saved, never cast away his tobacco only to purchase more. He quietly stayed at home and was supposed to commune with the ungodly works of Ingersoll and Voltaire.

We children, too young to think for ourselves, readily believed and passed along the mental rubbish recited in our presence regarding this non-conformist. Sometimes we passed his house in force and behaved with unrestrained insolence; but when alone we slunk by as though we were passing some mythical dragon's cave.

Hiram Eagle never, to my knowledge, covering some seven years, cast even a reproach at us little heathens, nor at his benighted neighbors, but pursued the even tenor of his ways. Thus only one discordant influence occurred to disturb the serene contentment of the community. **The shadow of Jehovah fell athwart the land.**



WILL THE IMPERIALIST HOGS FIGHT OVER THE SLOP?

## An Old Story Retold

By ROBERT WHITAKER

**T**HE young chap had everything except a real job, so he wasn't happy. He had so much that he thought because he wasn't happy with all of that truck on hand there must be something the matter with **his soul**.

There was, but not just the way he figured it. He reckoned that as he had a cinch on this world what he needed to be wholly satisfied was to get a first mortgage on a good corner lot and an up-to-date mansion in the next world.

So he asked the soap-boxer on the corner how he was going to fix it up with the Big Boss above.

"Why, you know the rules, don't you?" said the soap-boxer. "Don't kill anybody

—except when you are told to do it by the government. Don't steal — at least not small stuff, or out in the open. Don't get in bad on the women."

"Oh, yes, I know all that," replied the young chap, impatiently. "I've walked the chalk-line all my life. Somehow it doesn't fill the bill."

"Well," said the soap-boxer, "if you really want to know what's the matter with you try a turn at a man's job. Unload all that graft your dad handed out to you, and join me and this bunch of fellow workers who are out for a new deal for everybody."

But "the young man went away sorrowful, because he had great possessions."



far too groggy ever to recuperate. Restoratives born of financial ingenuity and political aspiration such as the Dawes plan, to cite a single "panacea," do not revive the system but add to its vertigo.

Shanghai has been occupying the center of the world stage for several weeks because 150,000 Chinese workers and sympathizers struck against methods of excessive exploitation in factories owned by Japanese capitalists. As soon as the strike started United States marines landed, while battleships of Japan, Italy, France and England — eighteen altogether, counting those of the Dollarica — steamed up for action against the Chinese strikers. Bitterly contending among themselves for rich China's choicest morsels, these rivals united as one force to break the strike. Their uniformed assassins murdered strikers and students, thus inaugurating in China a reign of bourgeois brutality which is an old story to the wage slaves of the Occident, but a new one for the Chinese. Industrial development under capitalism means violence to workers. Capitalism is just getting a good start in the Celestial Republic.

If you understand the theory of surplus value you grasp the significance of industro-financial imperialism. Wage slaves of industrially advanced countries are furnishing the wealth which is used to keep them in subjection and to give their masters power over their fellow slaves in other countries. Bosses use workers for the purpose of taking profits from their labor. These profits pile up and are invested at home until there is room for no further domestic expansion. Then business sends its agents, among which warships are very potent, to get new markets and to find new fields in which to invest capital. In the case of all these warships rushing up to protect the "interests" exploiting China we are again reminded of Rear-Admiral Fletcher's statement before a banquet of business men some years ago. Fletcher said: "Navies are the insurance for the wealth of leisure classes invested abroad."

Central Americans understand this very thoroughly, having been educated by our brave sea dogs.

South America used to be regarded as the heaven of bourgeois investments but certain of the more important republics are going ahead rapidly with their own factory system development, and they are exporting the products of industry. This adds to the contestants for markets and reduces the area of virgin soil for bourgeois rapers. China, on the other hand, has incalculably great natural resources and a population of more than 400,000,000 which can be used to create wealth for foreign bankers. No more palatable prospect was ever set before the glittering eyes and watering mouths of world imperialists.

What is to be the outcome seems to be known by certain liberal emotionalists, for in an editorial in *The Nation* (June 17) we read in connection with the situation:

"For ourselves we are happy that this issue is to be forced, that China is beginning to drive out the foreigners who have so long imposed their ways upon her."

This is unadulterated bosh. The Chinese are without sufficient unity to expel these invaders. They cannot do the work with arms because they lack them, and the labor movement there, though militant and promising, is still too small to be effective.

China is to be developed by foreign capital. American wage slaves, because they constitute the most efficient of all slave groups, are destined to furnish a large part of the surplus value — profits — used by their masters to get factories in China started, mills running, mines dug, and railroads thrown across the vast territory.

And after a while the goods produced in Chinese factories are going to be on the world market. Another erstwhile backward country will have advanced to industrial prominence. Chinese workers, in common with those of America, England, France, Italy and other lands, will be given just enough to eke out a miserable existence and to keep up their race. They shall ex-

perience low wages, long working days, machine mutilation and deforming, premature deaths, speeded labor, insanitation and various other blessed features of factory economy.

There shall be wars for markets again as profits mount, and capitalists, with an industrially progressed China, shall look more searchingly for new worlds to conquer. It seems as though they'll have to get into the Congo next, and after that to the Australian bush. That is, of course, the slaves who do the work. The bosses have winter and summer resorts and all else save one very important item—numbers.

We have numbers. Let us organize our class to upset the dear boss, and to take the land and machines for our own purposes.

**LA FOLLETTE**—We have just been apprised of the death of Robert M. La Follette, Wisconsin United States Senator, who ran in the last election for the job that Mr. Coolidge secured. La Follette is regarded by many as a progressive, yet there could be nothing further from the truth. He championed the cause of those petit bourgeois forces that, though numerically considerable, are being yearly pushed from an estate of competence into the propertyless condition endured by the industrial workers, the machine proletariat.

The ambitions of this small capitalist group is to go back to a time of industrial growth and land ownership in which concentration of wealth into trusts and banking firms of national and international force played no part. The evolution of machinery, and the centralization of control which more and more aims at the elimination of competition between ruling class factions is a social inevitability, and he who seeks to retard its progress or to force back the irresistible tide is like the king who wanted to force the ocean flood to ebb before his scepter when it was on the inflow.

It is not a great number of small capitalists, all getting some of the product of the toilers and cutting one another's throat in bitter, wasteful competition, that is the way of human advancement. Machines have grown to gigantic size and the social man-

ner of wealth creation points not to divisions of the spoils among a numerous, inefficient horde of little bosses, but rather is progress with another movement which the late Senator La Follette regarded, as a true politician should, with disfavor and hatred.

The workers must unite on the industrial field in one big union and take the machines and the land for common ends. It is slight comfort to the worker who is robbed of the major part of the wealth he produces to know that a dozen or a thousand thieves have been going through his pockets and withholding the fruits of his labor or that one great exploiter has done the same thing. La Follette represented the small robbers and the glory that was given him by poor farmers and some workers only shows how little they understand social forces, and it emphasizes the need existing for a more general reading of our literature and an extension of our educational work. It is up to us to build up our industrial unions, and to carry on the work of true education. In proportion to its dissemination is dispelled romantic gush about progressive champions who spend their lives in most direct assaults upon progress.

**NAILING A LIE**—In the March 31st issue of The Daily Worker, communist organ, Chicago, a tirade against the I. W. W. signed by Harrison George included this statement:

Gahan, editor of The Industrial Pioneer, is invited by the reactionary labor fakers of the Barbers' Union of the A. F. of L. to speak against the Workers (Communist) party to the local. He did so on March 26.

I wish to say that the barbers did not invite me to speak and I did not do so. I addressed a letter to this effect to Engdahl, editor of the paper that ran the lie, but he refused to make a correction. Since that time I have received the following letter which is conclusive:

**JOURNEYMEN BARBERS' INTERNATIONAL UNION OF AMERICA**

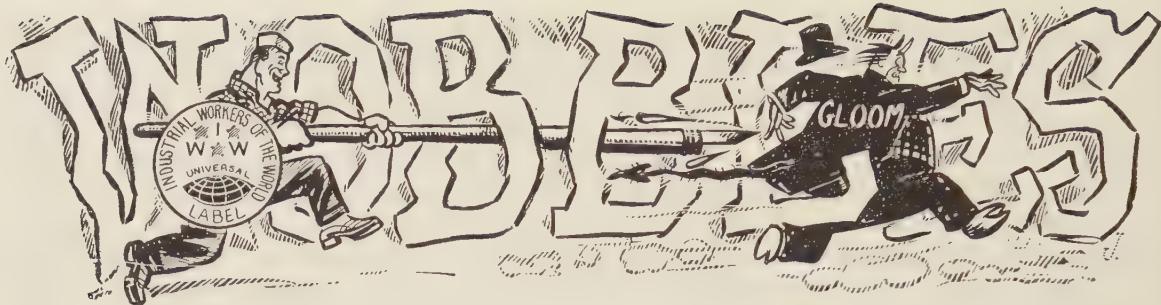
Local Union No. 548, Chicago, Ill., May 25, 1925.

John A. Gahan,  
Managing Editor, Industrial Pioneer,  
1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

This is to certify that John A. Gahan did not speak at our meeting of March 26th, or at any other meeting of our local.

Yours sincerely,  
W. S. LEIDIG,  
Pres. Local 548.



## PROGRESS IN THE SCIENCE OF ENGINEERING

The **Professional Engineer**, a monthly journal of the American Association of Engineers, leading society of technicians in these lands, contributes the following to the advance of the scientific world: "Love is a great spiritual truth finding expression in the highest type of religion within human range, service to one's fellow creatures. All of Christ's teachings were supremely expressed in the giving of his life as a token of his love. (Omission of the reverent capitals not ours.) Whoever has missed the fact that love is the central truth of human life, has missed the most important fact of life."

## EVEN IN DEATH

It is said that a Ford slave had a dream in which Henry "shuffled off his mortal coil," as even millionaires sometimes do. As they were about to bear him away he suddenly came to life, sat up in his coffin and looking at the six Ford slaves who had been selected for pallbearers, his efficiency wizard exclaimed, "What are you six men standing around here for?" "We are your pallbearers," they replied.

"Well," ordered Hank, "Four of you find another job to do and two of you put wheels under this thing and push it along."

## THE CLOSEST RACE

It was in a bunkhouse they were telling of the close races. Poney Pit said that his horse ran at one time in which it won by the length of his tongue. "God, it sure was a close race, and I had all my money on him."

The next story was told of a boat that had won in the last year's race and so was entered for this year's race with a new coat of paint on it, and they had won by the thickness of the new coat of paint. Admitted a close race.

A dry Irishman was in the act of lighting his pipe when he said, "I was up in the North of Scotland." Silence for awhile and then someone said, "well tell us of the race." "Well, that's the closest race I ever saw."

## OFF THE MARKET

Judge: "Do you wish to marry again if you receive a divorce?"

Liza: "Ah should say not! Ah wants to be withdrawn from circulation."

## BIBLE PROPHESIES BRIGHT FUTURE FOR COMBINE

The **Lumber World Review**, a deliberative journal of the national lumber industry, imbibes courage from the word of God. It states editorially, "If—in the book of Proverbs, and in the Gospel as set forth by Nehemiah—it has been determined that those who counsel together get the best results in the affairs of life; then the lumber industry of the United States is hovering right now on the edge of a commercial millennium."

## SPECIMEN FOR ANALYSIS

"The study of the occult sciences interests me very much," remarked the new boarder. "I love to explore the dark depths of the mysterious, to delve into the regions of the unknown, to fathom the unfathomable, as it were and to—"

"May I help you to some of this hash, professor?" interrupted the landlady.

## ECONOMIC DETERMINISM

When anyone is injured in the steel mills at Gary, the foreman in charge of the particular department where the accident occurred is usually "called on the carpet." Sometimes he loses his job.

One day a straw boss by the name of Andy was running ahead of a heavy crane-load of steel, shouting to everyone to keep from under the load. One group of workers seemed slow in heeding his warning. A look of terror spread over Andy's face as he ran towards them and screamed, "Get out of the way! Some of you damn fools will get killed, and I'll lose my job!"

## ANOTHER ECONOMIC URGE

I'se gotta git me a husband somewhuh," said a brown-skinned maid as she stood up to rest her back from "floor scrubbing; "I'se gittin' tiahed o' dis wuk."

# Farm Workers, Organize!

(Continued from Page Sixteen)

Europe is finding its lesser counterpart here in the United States. The European experience with peasants as the butchers of revolting city workers taught the industrialists of this country that the backbone of the present system is the farm population, and they now figure that it is poor business to scrape this backbone too clean. So we now see them busy aiding the farmer in order to bolster up their own regime. But this change on one front has caused the industrialists to increase their hostility towards the organizing of the workers. Open shop plans are the order of the day.

This just means that there is a greater need than ever for a really strong organization of wage workers. The strength and efficiency of such an organization of wage workers depends upon how clearly and correctly it reflects the trend of the times. There must be the tendency in it upon the part of its members to give unstinted financial support and personal service. There must be in it a strong keynote of class solidarity, or strength and efficiency vanish. The realization of class interests must come to the workers and be acted upon as speedily as did the owners and controllers of industry when they came to realize that the unorganized state of the farmer was a danger to the capitalist system. The unorganized state of the farm worker is a menace to the welfare of the working class as a whole. Organize, farm workers, organize!

## ANNOUNCEMENT OF BOOK REVIEWS

We have arranged to present a number of book reviews each month and in the August number we are running the opinions of competent critics on such prominent works as Cabell's "Straws and Prayer Books;" Lewis' "Arrowsmith;" Fitch's "The Causes of Industrial Unrest;" Brodney's "Rebel Smith;" Calverton's "The Newer Spirit," and Trotsky's "Literature and Revolution."

## CORRESPONDENTS, NOTICE

When writing letters concerning the management of this magazine and Industrial Solidarity, address them to O. N. Peterson, Business Manager, as he is the new manager of these publications.

Letters dealing with matters regarding publication should be sent to the respective editors. Vern Smith is editor of Industrial Solidarity and John A. Gahan of The Industrial Pioneer.

## The Cossacks and the Workers

(Continued from Page Twenty-Four)

that attempts to suppress ideas result only in their more rapid propagation."

The international capitalists are now intensifying their campaign of terrorism against the workers. In Italy, Bulgaria, Poland, Germany, Hungary the reactionary governments are killing and jailing thousands of workers who are opposed to the rule of capitalism. This is done in the hope of averting the coming storm, the Social Revolution.

Nor are the capitalist class of this country sleeping. In California the police are suppressing free speech and jailing workers for their insistence of that right. There is reason in believing that the strike-breaking President Coolidge will inaugurate an era of terrorism in an attempt to quiet the present agitation. And Charles Dawes, the American Mussolini, is prepared for the drive against the workers of America.

Labor is the producer of all commodities, therefore the originator of all wealth. The workers raise all the corn, wheat and potatoes, but they are starving. The workers build beautiful mansions as homes for their masters while they live in tenements. This is due to the fact that they are not united.

The workers feed and clothe the police; the capitalist orders the police to use their guns on the workers; this also, because the workers are not united.

The workers manufacture guns, clubs, bullets, the equipment of the police and find they are used upon the workers. This because they are not united.

In order to change the system; in order to abolish exploitation; in order to stop the brutalities of the police, the workers must unite industrially.

By uniting you will gain the power to overthrow and change the system; by uniting you will come into the enjoyment of the full product of your toil.

# An Address to the Brotherhoods of Railroad Men, Galion, Ohio, on their Memorial Day, June 14th, 1925

By BISHOP WILLIAM MONTGOMERY BROWN

My Friends:

If I were a politician, or if I were the sort of clergyman I used to be, I would probably begin by addressing you as "Fellow Workers". That would be a nice way to begin, but it would not be so. I am not a worker. I am a parasite.

The workers are those people who create the wealth of the world. The parasites are those who take it, without doing any work. You earn your living by the sweat of your brow. I get mine in exactly the same way—by the sweat of your brow. Under the circumstances, I have not nerve enough to address you as "Fellow Workers." I am afraid some realistic railroader out there in the audience would yell, "bunk!" And what could I answer to that?

I might say that God in his infinite wisdom has arranged things that way. But I do not believe it. I believe that we in our infinite stupidity arranged things so that some of us shall have all the work and worry and others have all the pay and play.

It is easy to charge all our mistakes up to God, especially those mistakes which give us an easy living and give the fellow we are talking to such a raw deal that we are ashamed to take the responsibility for it.

I do not know anything about railroading. I know a little something about railroaders, however. I know they are heretics.

Do you know what a heretic is? A heretic is a person who does not believe all the things that people used to believe. He is also a person who believes a lot of things which never were believed before.

Please get both of those statements. Many people seem to think that a heretic is simply a person who does not believe something. Study all the great heresies of history, and you will discover that such a definition does not fit. The heretics all believed something. They were great believers. They believed too much. They believed so much that they made the authorities feel uncomfortable.

Some of them did not believe in the divine right of kings. But they did not stop there. If they had only stopped with that, the kings would not have minded it much. But they believed in the divine right of the people to get rid of their kings. That is what made the kings mad. These noble souls were not put to death for their unbelief. They were put to death for their beliefs. They believed in changing things. They believed that things could and must be changed.

I said that railroaders are heretics. If you had

not been heretics, you would not have organized these brotherhoods. That was a terrible thing to do. It shows that you did not believe that God had everything fixed up exactly as it ought to be. You believed that things ought to be changed. You believed that they could be changed. You are heretics.

There are a lot of things which you believe in which would have shocked your great-great-grandfathers. You believe in steam. You believe in electricity. And you believe in the laws which govern these forces, instead of assuming that they are controlled by good and evil spirits.

If your great-great-grandfathers could come back today, and see one of your trains whiz through their farms, they would conclude at once that the Devil was going by. They would go to their knees before such a supernatural demonstration. The chances are they would confess their sins and cry out for mercy.

You take such things as a matter of course. You have a general idea in your mind of how railroads happened. You do not think of them as supernatural. More and more, in this industrial age, the tendency is not to think of anything as supernatural.

Does this mean that we have less faith in these days than in the good old times?

My answer is no! That is where I seem to differ most from my brethren in the House of Bishops, who have been trying me for heresy. I claim that this so-called age of disbelief is an age of great and growing faith.

The old dogmas, to be sure, have lost their hold upon us. It is harder than ever to stampede us into the ancient gestures of devotion; and threats that once filled us with terror are now heard with a grin. Hell, if it has not been abolished, has cooled off perceptibly. It does not blaze in our consciousness in the way it used to do.

But this does not mean, I maintain, that we are less religious. It does not mean that we are less humanitarian in our impulses, or that we have less of the Christ spirit in our daily lives.

You railroaders today, I believe, are more devout, in the best sense of the word, than were the high priests of the day gone by. You know more than they did: and because you are better acquainted with the laws which really govern us, you are living far more holy lives.

You firemen, for instance. If you were holy, in the sense that holiness used to be understood, you would not be worth anything at all to your fellow

men. If your fire did not burn, you would attribute it to some evil spirit, and you would begin to burn incense instead.

And you engineers would not like that. Not that you are irreligious, but you happen to know that incense does not make a boiler boil. You may believe in the supernatural yourself, and, though I do not, it is not my intention to attack anyone's belief, you do not want your fireman to take his supernaturalism too seriously while making a run.

The holy man, under such circumstances, is the man who knows the laws of combustion and brings his own actions into conformity with those laws. Such a fireman may not know that he is religious. He may even use some supposedly irreligious language while he goes about his job: and people like myself—idlers and parasites and professional moralists—may hold our hands to our ears.

Nevertheless, if we are waiting for a train or we are riding on one, we are not much concerned with the theological theories of the men who are manning it; but we want to know that they are thoroughly acquainted with the laws that govern steam engines and air brakes, and that they will hold those laws in reverence.

This, I am aware, is a very shocking view of religion. It is shocking because everybody understands it. It is shocking because it is practical: because it can be applied.

Religion, according to a long-standing theory, is something apart from life. It does not have to do with this material world, with the world of force and motion, with electricity and steam and engine failure, with flues that leak and coal that will not burn and general mismanagement from which you men are principal sufferers. And when we think of religion as not having anything to do with these things, the religion we think of presently becomes a religion we can not use.

It is no accident that we save such a religion for Sundays, and for funerals, and for special occasions. It is no accident, since we can not do anything with it in this world, that we shunt it all over into the next world. And it is no accident, since we can not live by it, that it means nothing whatever in the practical affairs of life to speak of a man as being "religious."

A man may be religious, according to a common use of the term, and not be a whit more honest than some notorious "infidel". He may be religious in this sense and be infernally mean. He may be religious and devote his life to piling up wealth. He may even be religious, in this sense of the word, and hire little children to slave away in factories and oppose every attempt to liberate them as being bad for business.

But he can not be religious, in my sense of the word, and be any of these things: for he can not be any of these things, if he understands the laws which actually govern human life. Just as the fireman who understands the laws of combustion has comparatively little trouble getting along with his fellow men.

He may not believe in hell. He may have serious doubts as to the special divinity which is supposed to reside in certain names. The dogmas he hears from the pulpit may have little meaning to him, or they may seem to him to be hideous travesties of truth: and it is even possible that such a man may think that he does not believe in God.

But see what the man believes, if you want to get his real religious measure. See what he is driving at—what he is actually living by, not what sort of words he uses or what Psalms he sings.

Has he discovered his fellow men, and does he believe in them? Has he observed the marvelous laws which govern human nature? Has he discovered that the life is more than meat and the body more than raiment? Has he observed how profitless it is for a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Has he noticed that human beings can not live unto themselves, and that they can realize human life only to the extent that they live in lives of other human beings?

And has he observed therefore, that he that saaveth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for the Son of Man's sake, the same shall find it? If he has discovered these laws and observed them—do not tell me that he is not religious. He is a saint.

It is quite conceivable that he may be tried for heresy. He may even be crucified in some way: and the tribunal which condemns him to crucifixion will maintain, of course, that they did it because of his unbelief.

But that need not fool us any longer. Those who want to hold the world still are never disturbed because people lack belief. What disturbs them is that people are beginning to believe. They are developing convictions, and there is real danger of their doing something about it.

I wrote a book a few years ago. I think you have heard about it. It was a terrible book. It was an impolite sort of book. Perhaps it was not a nice book, judged by ordinary standards, for a bishop of the Church to write. But I insist that it was a thoroughly religious book.

On the front cover of that book, I printed this slogan: "Banish the Gods from the Skies and Capitalists from the Earth."

Now, that book has given me all kinds of trouble. It seems to me that I have been in court ever since. Incidentally, I have been officially branded as a heretic by two tribunals, and one of them has recommended to the House of Bishops that I be deposed from the Christian ministry.

I do not intend to argue that case before you. I shall just refer to it in passing. The situation at present is this: if the House of Bishops, or the Church itself finds it possible to define heresy—if they can set forth some statement concerning Gods in the Skies—some confession of literal belief to which they are all willing to subscribe and which shall be used as a standard of my fitness to remain in the ministry—then there will be no further controversy. I shall know at once whether I can sub-

scribe to it or not; and I shall either subscribe to it and remain in the House of Bishops or refuse and come away. But up to date, no such standard of literal belief has been agreed upon: and there is no intention, so far as I know, of attempting to erect such a standard.

We have our Creeds, to which we subscribe; but no educated clergyman, so far as I know, accepts them as literal standards of belief. When we say that Jesus sits "on the right hand of God," we do not mean that we literally believe that God has a right hand and that Jesus has been sitting on it all the time during two thousand years. We use it merely as a symbol, just as you speak of the sunrise, although you know very well that the sun does not rise. But many of my brethren take some of the statements in this creed literally, while taking others symbolically, whereas I take them all symbolically.

They think I ought to accept some of these statements literally: and I could not object to that if they would only tell me what ones. But I have objected, and do object, to being thrown out of the Church for heresy by persons who are not willing to say what they mean by the term.

So much for my trial: we have more important things to talk about here. What did I mean, a lot of good people are forever asking me, by proposing to banish Gods from the skies and capitalists from the earth? What did I have against God? What did I have against the capitalists?

The answer is, first, that I had nothing against God. I believe in God. I am searching for Him. I want God. I believe we need Him in our business. I believe we need God in our railroading. I believe we need Him in the organization and promotion of all human affairs.

And because we need God in all our human activities, I do not want Him reserved for funerals. I do not want Him, moreover, as the mere ruler of a kingdom beyond the clouds which, under the circumstances, we can not possibly know anything about. I do not want Him kept up in the skies where we can not see Him. I want Him brought down to earth, so that the real laws of human relations may supplant the present absurd guesses on the part of politicians and priests.

We have made what we call laws, but they are not laws. They are not the laws of human life, because human life, does not thrive under them. They are nothing but a book of rules: and I do not need to tell a group of railroaders that there is a vast difference between actually understanding railroading and simply following the book of rules.

We have made laws, for instance, which make it necessary for the millions to spend their lives in toil so that the few can spend their lives in luxury. We have made laws which divide the human family into classes, which compel certain people to perform the most disagreeable services and then punish them with poverty for their heroic efforts. We have made laws which put a premium on idleness and try to make a virtue out of greed. Of course, such laws

do not work; and in spite of all our marvelous scientific achievements, we are constantly falling into chaos and war.

This, I claim, is because we do not obey God. We could not obey Him, for He has not been real to us. The world has been superstitiously worshipping a lot of unrealities up in the skies instead of observing and obeying reverently the great realities of life. Therefore, it was a truly religious motive, I believe, which, prompted me to begin that book with the cry: "Banish the Gods from the Skies."

And certainly I did not mean any irreverence when I suggested banishing capitalists from the earth. I had nothing against the capitalists, except that we did not need them. How could I have anything against them, when I am one myself? I did not suggest abolishing any human beings; it was only their function as capitalists that I proposed abolishing; that peculiar quality which they have which sets them apart from their fellow men.

I do not like classes. I believe we are all the children of God, and I believe we ought to play together decently. If we could all be capitalists, that would not be so bad. If we could all sit down and let our money roll into us—the way it rolls into me, month after month, whether I turn my hand over to do anything or not, and I have not turned it over for forty years—why, I would not have any particular quarrel with such a system.

But we can not do that. Somebody has got to do the work. The workers can get along without the capitalists, but the capitalists can not get along without the workers. You can do without me, but I cannot do without you. And so, since we can not all be capitalists, I proposed that we be brothers anyway; and the only way I can think of to accomplish that is through our all becoming fellow workers.

"Fellow Workers!" I am back where I started from or where I wanted to start from but could not.

In these words, I have tried to present to you my religion and my politics complete. But if there is anything lacking—if you still think that we should reserve a place for that which we can not possibly relate to life itself—that we should have something up in the skies to adore unceasingly, while not allowing it to interfere with our practical affairs—well, perhaps I can revise my slogan so that it will fill the bill.

After we have searched out the realities, after we have brought God into human life, after we have established a classless world—then perhaps we might fill up that vacant place in the skies by sending the capitalists up there. The world could treat them then with all the meaningless reverence it shows to its unreal gods today. We could worship the things the capitalists stand for, like war and poverty and greed: for none of those things would hurt us, if we were careful to keep them in another world.

In other words, summing up all I have tried to say: Let us make religion a reality and capitalism a myth.

This is the Memorial-day of the Brotherhoods of

Railroad men—the day when you meet in honor of your deceased members.

The Galion organization has not suffered loss by death since the last meeting, but there have been many losses within the forty-two years since I began my ministry here as a deacon, and among them some dear friends of mine, Conrad Pfeffer, Arthur Ball and Jerry Wemple, members of the Episcopal Church, not to speak of others with whom I did not have an intimate acquaintance but who were greatly respected by me as by all who knew them.

Therefore, I can join with you on this day in living with the dead, one of the most precious privileges of humanity.

"O may I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence; live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like  
stars,  
And with their mild persistence urge man's search  
To vaster issues.  
So to live is heaven:  
To make undying music in the world."

This is also Flag-day and in the minds of a certain type of patriots, it should be dedicated, not to what the flag really stands for but to a dogma of flag-worship.

The flag is a symbol and can be used only as a symbol. But these well-meaning people are trying to endow it with a certain literal quality instead. They seem to think, and they are frantically trying to make other people think, that red, white and blue are intrinsically more sacred than green, yellow and black. The results, from every point of view, are disastrous. These super-patriots not only make general nuisances of themselves, but they defeat the very aims of patriotism and bring dishonor to the flag. Let me illustrate.

There is a parade on the street and the American flag is carried by. Some onlookers, recognizing the genuine symbolism of the flag, reverently take off their hats.

It is a beautiful gesture. Personally, I like it. So long as the symbolism is unsullied, I find myself thrilling to this gesture of reverence.

But there are other onlookers, who also remove their hats, yet for a very different reason. They do not think of what the flag means to them, personally, but they are accustomed to do whatever the crowd does: they see others take off their hats, so off go theirs.

That is not quite so good. I do not mean to criticize it harshly, for there is something within most of us that makes us want to fall in line: a certain reverence for people's reverence, whether we have any particular reverence on our own account or not.

But there are still others in the crowd—some who take off their hats and some who do not—and these who do not remove their hats may be honoring the flag, without being at all conscious of the

fact, while those who think they are honoring it most may be dragging the emblem in the dirt.

Let me repeat that, so you will all get it. It is a strange statement on the face of it, it is true: and if we can understand that, we can understand not only the great religious controversy which is now shaking up the mind of America, but we will understand much of our political and social dilemma too. So let me repeat:

It is quite possible, in every large crowd which sees the flag go by, that those who do not seem to honor it are honoring it greatly while those who think they are paying the highest tribute to it are dragging the emblem in the dirt.

Suppose, for instance, that one of the persons in the crowd is an Italian section hand. He has had the meaning of the red flag explained to him: he knows that it means that the trains must stop, but that may be as far as his flag education has gone. In Italy, we shall suppose, he was a Socialist. He did not know much about Socialism, perhaps, but he knew that Socialists were with him in his labor union aims and that the government was against him. As for American politics, however, he is an absolute beginner. He does not even know what it means when the flag goes by, and he does not take off his hat.

Now, let us suppose that there is a one hundred and six per cent American patriot observing him. He is offended because the "ignorant foreigner" does not remove his hat: and the patriot proceeds in his own way to make that foreigner honor the flag. He may assault the man. He may have him tarred and feathered: and the Italian, being a section hand, it is possible that he might have a red flag on his person, and evidence might be found in his home that he was a Socialist in Italy, and no end of complications might ensue.

Other workingmen, you may be sure, would hasten to tell him that he was all right. They would say that a man does not have to take off his hat to the flag unless he wants to: and they might illustrate this lesson in Americanism to him by refusing to take their own hats off.

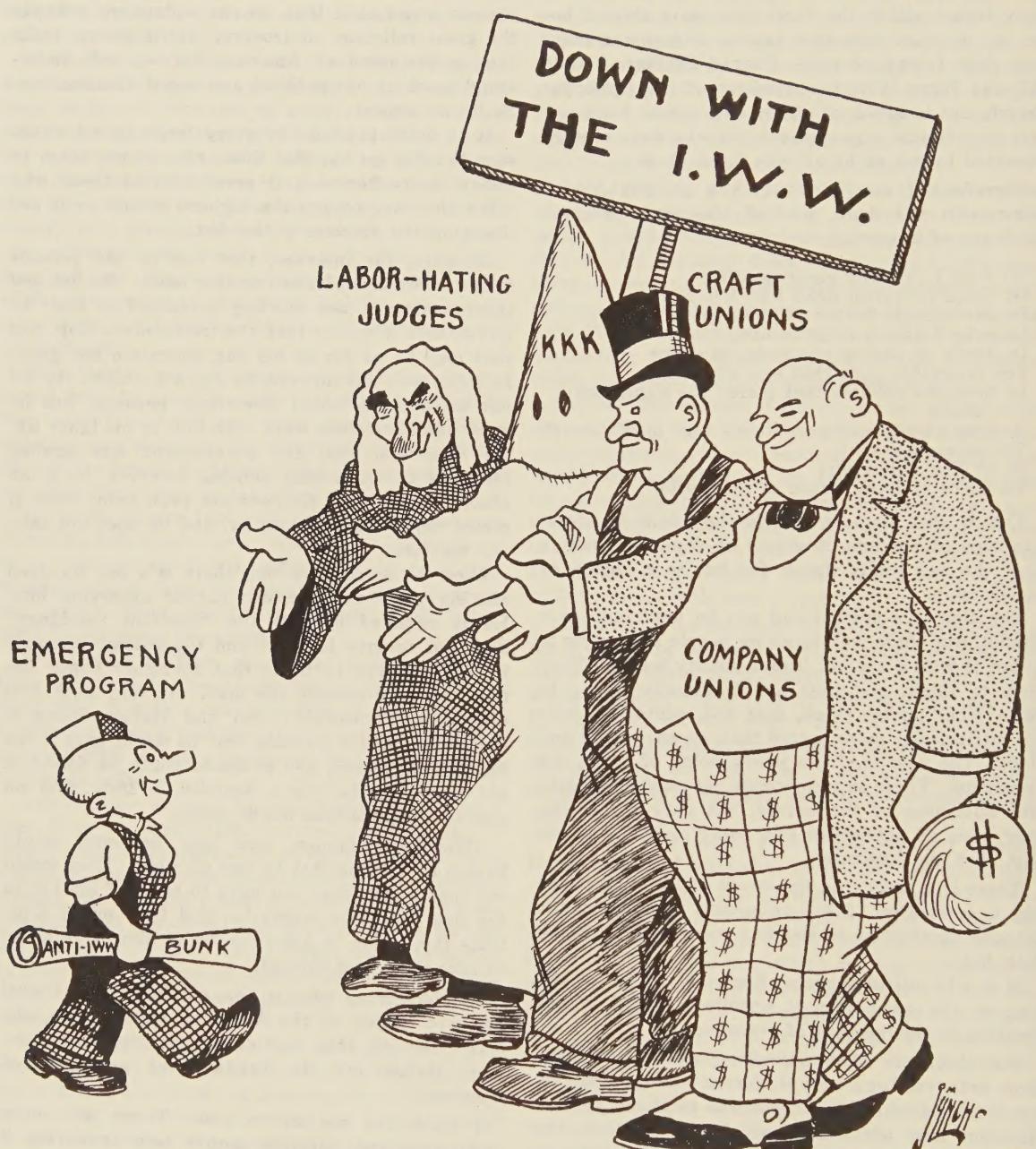
In that case, who is the patriot? The literal flag worshipper, or the American workingmen who stand out in this particular situation with the poor Italian for the fundamental principles of freedom?

I leave the answer to you. Those who once understand the question cannot help answering it right. But you cannot understand the question until you see the danger of taking symbolic things literally.

The flag is a symbol. In the very nature of things, it cannot be anything else. By forgetting that it is a symbol, however, and attempting to make it literally sacred instead, we are in danger of turning it into a symbol of oppression.

The misguided patriot I mentioned set out to teach Americanism to an ignorant foreigner, and gave him a lesson in bigotry instead.

# WELCOME!!!



**EMERGENCY  
PROGRAM**



The Emergency Program faction of labor divisionists is composed of three elements. At the top are the stoolpigeons who work for the bosses within the "program," and the unscrupulously ambitious and egomaniac tribe who give orders in tsarist fashion whenever necessary and who resort to any means to accomplish their ends. Under this hierarchy are the dupes who pay the bills. To follow this shabby, vicious, dwindling and treacherous crew one must be either a fool or a stool. Emergencyites, take your pick!

# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

The conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

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